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TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM HOWITT,
Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

A SAMPLE, NOT OF GOLD BUT OF GOLD COMMISSIONERS.

Had the body of the police who captured the two Mormon saints, the Blessed Ben and Holy Joe, not been numerous and strong, there might have been mischief; for many a hand was laid on long knife and revolver, and many a grim-bearded fellow only wanted a word from the goat, Orson Excelsior Kid, to plunge the steel and fire the ball with all family freedom into the Philistines, or in ordinary phrase, police. But though the goat, Orson, had cried out enthusiastically in one part of his oration—"Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened;" which he interpreted to mean—"Yes, if necessary, knock in a door, or an unbeliever's skull," yet out of the pulpit, or rather the cart bottom, Orson Excelsior had the prudence or the weakness of mortal flesh; therefore, when the sanguinary brethren looked to him for a sign, there was no sign given, except that of the poor little man hurrying away, with a huge white hat dropped over his naked head, even to his shoulders.

The two culprits were secured in the lock-up for the night, and as it was well known that such men had often miraculously disappeared out of it, when wanted, strong though it seemed, the storekeeper's friends set a watch over it. The next day at eleven o'clock they were brought out before two commissioners and magistrates, Messrs. Pantile and Barnend.

Now let no one deceive himself by his knowledge of what magistrates are in some other countries. Let nobody imagine a couple of portly, sage, rubicund old gentlemen, with very white hair and knowing faces, sitting in the seat of judgment on this occasion. The great country of colonies and civilization, of vast dependencies and best interests, old mother England, to very young countries sends, in her wisdom, very young magistrates. Those youths unlearned in the law, for they never know till the happy appointment comes, whether their friend, through a certain member of Parliament, had got them a clerkship, a bishopric, or a magistracy, were, however, ready for anything, and, therefore, by government logic, qualified for anything. These two verdant justices of peace, and commissioners in charge of her Britannic Majesty's Gold Fields, so runs the phrase, were downy-chinned lads, of tall growth. They were clad in a military costume of blue cloth, well overrun with gold lace, and wore cloth caps, with a broad band of gold. Mr. Commissioner Pantile was a young man of handsome figure, and with a smooth, pretty face, and a bust worthy of a hair-dresser's window, even though it should boast plate glass. Mr. Commissioner Barnend was also a tall, fair youth, with very light hair, and very quick motions, and a confident, boyish, empty air. He was in everything the echo and fidus Achates of Pantile.

Placed before this illustrious pair of representatives of the majesty and the laws of England, they surveyed Blessed Ben and Holy Joe with eyes which seemed to have seen them before, and asked what was the charge.

Charles was the spokesman, and having been sworn, related the story of the *plated* heap of washing stuff.

Before they had concluded, Pantile and Barnend had gradually kindled up from an assumed gravity into a smile, which culminated in a downright burst of loud laughter.

"Do you hear that, Barnend?" asked Pantile, a delicate voice; "what a sell. The old codger, and still gudgeons."

"Green! green! uncommon green!" exclaimed Barnend, stamping about, and rubbing his hands.

"My young fellow," said Pantile, in great gaiety, "do you come here for us to furnish you with brains?"

"Deucedly taken in if they do!" said some one behind the crowd.

"Who's that? Who said that?" exclaimed Barnend, turning round savagely.

Of course nobody knew.

"Why did you not try the washing-stuff?" asked Pantile.

"So we did, but not deep enough," said Charles.

"No, certainly not deep enough, by any means," replied Pantile, again laughing at his own wit.

"Well, fellow," addressing Blessed Ben, he stood very humbly, and bowed low his curly, black head at every word of the magistrate's, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Go it, Blessed Ben, you know how to convince them," said the same voice behind.

"Who is that?" cried both the magisterial lads. "Bring him forward. We'll commit him for contempt of court."

But here, again, the wisdom of Mrs. Glasse became conspicuous—"First catch your hare, and then—"

The insulted majesty of the English colonial bench again sat down.

"What have you to say, you, there?"

"Oh! Lord bless your honors," said Blessed Ben, smiling quite graciously upon the bench,—what can we say? What need we say? We owe no one on anybody, indeed! It's all fair, see that," presenting a paper. "That's from Mr. Idkrieger, the German gold-buyer. He want to buy the heap, and examined it, and here's the certificate."

Ben handed the paper to Pantile with a most precious air, and Holy Joe smiled most serenely, saying,

"The idea! To think we would trick even babes unborn."

Mr. Commissioner Pantile scanned the paper a moment, and exclaimed,

"Oh! most satisfactory! Most entirely satisfactory! I dismiss the charge. A most ridiculous and childish charge, I deed!"

But what was Charles's astonishment to see, for he happened to stand just then a little in the rear of the honest commissioner, that within the paper was simply spread a ten pound note! Mr. Justice Pantile coolly folded the paper, and put it in his pocket, and Charles stood rooted to the spot in dumb surprise.

The Blessed Brethren were comfortably moving off towards the door, when the storekeeper said—

"Stop a bit, it is my turn now."

"What do you say, sirrah?" asked Pantile, sharply.

"I am no sirrah," said the storekeeper, reddening, "but a plain, substantial tradesman, who can have law for his money. These fellows stole my horse, and there is my warrant."

Pantile took the warrant, just turned it over in his hand, and looking over his shoulder to Barnend, said—

"I think we must defer this hearing till to-morrow; I feel greatly fatigued."

"And so do I, damnably," said Barnend. "These tedious, silly affairs are confounded bores, and luncheon has been waiting this hour. The Kangaroo will be regularly devilled."

So away went the two brilliant specimens of the young officials of a young colony; and Blessed Ben and Holy Joe were conducted to the lock-up, where, the next morning, there was—no trace of them. Another magical certificate from the all-potent gold-buyer, Mr. Geldkrieger, had, no doubt, been as efficacious with the turnkey as with the magistrates. Messrs. Pantile and Barnend were either very irate with the turnkey, or they acted it with all the genius of Charles Kean, but their attention, fortunately for the public treasury, was immediately called to a score of rude diggers in all their dirt, who were ushered into the court with much bustle and officiousness. They were unlucky devils who had been caught without their licenses in their pockets, though every man protested that he had one in his tent, if he might fetch it under guard. But Pantile simply said—

"You are each fined five pounds, or locked up until paid," and heedless of remonstrance or explanation, he and the inseparable juvenile, Barnend, marched off rather refreshed than fatigued by this summary exercise of the law, if that name can be given to the caprices of two empty boys, set to govern four hundred thousand people.

Charles Fitzpatrick was so disgusted by what he had seen, that he left the tent determined to quit the diggings forthwith. He was passing out, very hot in his feelings, and with a desperate frown on his features, when a knowing-looking digger, with light, sparkling eyes and clever air, said to him, in a voice which he recognized as the one that had called out in the court, the day before—

"Sold again, mate," said he. "Keep a bright look-out, and have your license in your pocket constantly, or you'll soon be hauled up like these poor fellows, for you are now a marked man.—And don't stir out of nights after dark, for the holy brethren have long knives, and are good shots; and there are swarms of them. And don't ask me to come into your tent, for it is just as likely to have half-a-dozen bullets through it one of these fine evenings, as that bribes are pleasant in the palm here."

"Thank you, sincerely," said Charles, as he walked away, full of very strange reflections.

But he was not destined to clear the diggings quite so admirably as he expected. He had arranged with Barks and Purdy, who wished to try their luck a little longer, for him to drive home the horse and cart, and leave them to their chance, when, passing near the justices' tent, on his way from the post-office, his attention was arrested by a crowd gathered round a young woman who had fainted. He was informed that her husband had been seized, in company with the Black Douglas and a desperate gang of bush-rangers, who had shot a couple of policemen, in the attempt to secure them.—That the whole gang, seven in number, were committed for trial, and were just sent, guarded by a detachment of troopers, to Castlemaine. As Charles descended the steep hill from the government camp, greatly excited by the distress of the young woman, who appeared like anything but the wife of a bushranger, he was overtaken by the same shrewd looking man who had given him the friendly warnings.

"This is a bad case," said he, "I don't believe that poor girl's husband is any more guilty or connected with these villains than you or I, but, nevertheless, they'll hang him."

"Who is he then?" asked Charles. "And what was he doing among the bushrangers?"

"The lad," said the digger, "is a young Popkins, Abijah Popkins he is called, a young storekeeper. They tell me he's the son of very decent parents, religious, regularly religious people, but perhaps they've been a little too tight-laced with the lad, and then you know well enough when a young fellow's principles are held together only by lacing, when the lace breaks, down go the principles. The young fellow has been wild here. I don't believe he has any harm in him, but he's weak, and he has got a habit of visiting a sly-grog shop, one of those that government pretends to put down, and which its own police wink at for a consideration. There he met with bad company, this Black Douglas and Captain Melville, the two most rascally unhanged highwaymen in the colony, and just as clever at robbery by cards and dice as by powder and ball. The young fellow has lost his money, lost his character, and would have lost his head if it had not been for this poor girl, his wife. They've only been married these six months, and a better creature, poor thing, never married to trouble. Well, the lad, so far as I can learn, had nothing in the world to do with these rascally thieves, but to lose his money by them; did not know, poor fool, who they were even that he gambled with; but the police have been long on the look out for Douglas and Melville, and though they did not want to turn attention to this grog-shop, which was a profitable concern to them, yet the reward for these rascals was become so great that they were afraid some one else might drop upon them, and whip off the prize. So all at once they came down on the tent; out rush the thieves revolver in hand, shoot down two of the police, and off into the bush. This poor lad runs, too, for he knew the place was unlawful, and did not know what they might charge him with, and he's been taken with them, and sure as fate they'll string him up."

Charles was greatly concerned for the unfortunate youth, and his poor young wife, whose pale, ghastly face still haunted him. When he reached the tent and mentioned the circumstance, Purdy exclaimed—

"Popkins! Abijah Popkins! goodness gracious! why the lad's no more a bushranger than I'm a grandmother. It's poor old Matthew Popkins's son, one of 'em that is, for he's two or three. Oh, lors! oh, lors! poor fellow! why it will kill the old man and woman as well as the wife, poor creter."

"Do you know these Popkins's then?" asked Charles.

"Do I know them? Do I know daylight when I see it?" exclaimed Purdy; "why old Matthew Popkins has travelled with his pot-cart from Staffordshire into Derbyshire these thirty years to my knowledge, and of late years had one of these quiet-looking lads with him. They tell me he made money, and is come here to make more. By leddy! but this will cut him down though! He's a religious, very religious man, is old Matthew; belongs to the New Methodies. Oh! gracious me! the idea of one of his lads being hanged!"

"Where does that old man live?" asked Charles, his sympathy continually augmenting.

"Live! why worn't you, Mr. Charles, at Bongubine the other day, and not know where Matthew Popkins lives? He's just taken Lahni Mill on the Campaspe from Mr. Martin, you must have seen it, one of the beautifullest places in the colony."

Charles well remembered the place, a perfect paradise of a situation, and such a blow as this to fall on the inhabitants! If trouble, thought Charles, can fall there, so retired, so quiet, so smiling, what spot on earth can escape the bolt of calamity.

"Something must be done," said Charles, "we must do something. This poor lad and this good family must not be lost and ruined forever without a struggle. I have no faith in the justice here; we must move all means. Purdy, will you ride off and let the old man know?"

"Ay, that I will," said Purdy, jumping up and throwing on his jacket. "I will run to the station for the cob, and I shall reach the Mill to-night." He flung the saddle on his back, took the bridle in his hand, and he was gone at once.

Charles again walked hurriedly up to the Popkins's store to inquire after the poor woman. He found that she was in a very sad condition, having fainted time after time, and that on recovering her consciousness, her agony of mind was something awful. There was a doctor with her, and several of the neighboring storekeepers' wives were doing all they could for her. Charles waited till the surgeon had told her that her father-in-law was sent for, and that everything possible would be done to clear her husband, and then walked seriously to his own tent. He seemed to count the hours till the old father Popkins could arrive, as if it were his own case. The sight of the young woman's face, and the impressions which the administration of justice here had left on him, gave him an interest in the affair such as he had never felt before.

It was yet early in the next afternoon when four horsemen were seen coming at a great rate up the green valley of the Bendigo, near Charles's tent, which was pitched on the side of the creek nearest to Iron Bark Gully, and at that time little cut up, while the White Hills and nearly all that side showed one great bare chaos of gravel and pipe clay heaps. As they drew near, Charles recognized Purdy and his cob. Along with him was a tall old man in black of an ancient cut, who rode as if almost falling forward from fatigue, and his strong features wearing a pallid hue and solemn rigidity as of death. Near him rode a boy of seventeen or so looking equally woe-begone, and—who is that? The short figure, drab suit, and bold, active features of Mr. Peter Martin!

Mr. Martin and Purdy turned directly towards Charles's tent, and the two other riders went on without a turn of the head, or a word spoken, up the valley.

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Peter Martin, springing from his horse, and leaving it to Purdy, "this is a sad affair. Now a word. I have heard all that happened on your return home. I am very sorry for it, but it does not surprise me. Another time for that. Now there is a life to be saved—two—three, perhaps half a dozen. I don't ask you to disobey your father, and have anything to do with me. But this lad must be saved, and you and I cannot help standing side by side as we each assist in the endeavor, any more than two of these gum-trees can help it. We must stand like them side by side; we must help, help all we can, help body and soul. You and I are no more to each other than any two constables who may act in it, or two lawyers who may plead on the two sides—but we must go on each helping; these lives and the happiness of a most excellent family are too far above all these considerations to allow us to think of ourselves."

"Just so," said Charles, "I do not seek you, nor you me, I am sure, but we will go in the same group doing what we can."

"Just so! just so!" said Mr. Martin, "and now I must get something to eat. I must not enter your tent, out of regard for your pledge to your father, but let Barks bring me something under the tree there," pointing to one at a little distance, "and then I will go forward. It will be better to let the family have their own talk before we go up, too."

The active little man at once turned, strode away to the tree where, flinging his hat and whip on the ground, he seated himself, and was soon busily discussing some cold beef and a bottle of pale ale, Barks acting as his butler. Charles entered his tent and sat down, holding no further intercourse with him till he took his leave. When ready he sprung up, his horse was brought, and telling Barks to inform Charles that he thought he had better follow to the Popkins's, he rode off. Charles soon after took the same way on foot, and on reaching the store was ushered into the back apartment of it. The scene which presented itself on entering never again faded from the memory of Charles Fitzpatrick.

On a sort of sofa, or rather what is called in some parts of England a squab, that is a wooden couch, with a cushion upon it, lay a young woman, the same that Charles had seen in a swoon in the street. She lay now in a state very similar. Was she really living? was the thought which passed over Charles's mind as he saw her. She was very young, a mere girl in appearance, and very fair. Her face was round in its contour, her features delicate and sweet, and around them lay her hair of a beautiful golden brown, giving her a sort of angelic look that seemed out of place in the wife of a storekeeper at the diggings. In circumstances of health and happiness, she must have presented a very interesting appearance, but now she lay pale as marble, motionless as the dead. Did she really live? Yes, for a youngish looking gentleman, a doctor, sat with his hand upon her thin, pale wrist, and his face fixed on hers with a serious air. On a stool in the corner behind the doctor sat the youth whom Charles had seen riding up the valley with the old man, and the old man was down on his knees by the side of the corpse-like girl. Near the foot of the couch stood Mr. Peter Martin, with a look fixed and solemn regarding the prostrate form, but a look from which that bold, self-confident air, which Charles had hitherto always seen in it had totally vanished, and left an impression of feeling—a sympathy equally remarkable. The old man was in prayer. His tall, dark figure was bowed as it were to the earth with affliction, and his long, white locks spread on his broad shoulders like the snows of winter on some storm-beaten mountain. His strongly developed features were sallow and rigid with grief, and in his prayer he seemed to wrestle with heaven under a feeling rather of the calamity and disgrace fallen upon his whole family, than of sympathy concentred on the phantom like form before him, in which the spirit was like some slight tissue of cloud in a still evening sky, waiting only for a breath or motion of the air to bear it away forever.

"Oh, Lord! let this cup pass from me! Let it pass, oh, Thou good and merciful God! Many and long are the days in which Thou has crowned me with mercy and blessing; Thou hast made me to go on and prosper, and now wilt Thou crush me in the latter end, as with a millstone? Let it pass—oh God, let it pass! Can it be that such terrible things are in store for me? Oh God! oh, Lord God, arise, arise and let the truth appear—Thou canst do it! What is it to Thee, Lord, who guidest the world, and liftest the mountains. What is it to Thee to make appear the innocence of this poor, weak, misguided lad! Weak, but not so very, very wicked—no, I will not believe it—no, he cannot have so forgotten all the godly teachings from his youth upward, all the warnings and the solemn ordinances of Thy love. Save him, oh, Lord, save him! snatch him, as a brand, from the burning, and give consolation to his afflicted mother, and to this down-smitten lamb. Wilt Thou slay the innocent for the erring, oh, Lord! Wilt Thou cut down this bruised reed, like the grass before the mower? Oh, no, that becometh Thee not; oh, Lord, that is not like Thee in Thy ever loving kindness. Arise, arise in Thy might, and scatter all delusions—for if this blow fall, we all fall together; we are no better than dead men."

Now the agonized voice ceased, but the tall, strong frame was still trembling with convulsive spasms, and you could hear the passionate, heavy breathing, and the cracking of his fingers as he wrung, and, as it were, ground his hands together. In the death-like stillness of the room, the stifled sobs of the youth in the corner, who now sat with his face between his knees, and his hands clasped on the back of his head, as if he would crush it into them, were painfully loud—and as Charles cast a glance at Mr. Martin, he saw his lips quivering with emotion, and large tears rolling rapidly down his cheeks. If ever Charles had believed Mr. Martin a base man since he had first so lately met with him, that belief fled from him at this moment. While the thought went, lightning-like, through him, Mr. Martin leaned gently forward and said to the doctor,

"How is it, doctor? would you not give her a little more stimulant?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Let us try a little longer—if she had but enough to keep her up, that is all I want; she has too many stimulants in herself—the moment she returns to consciousness, we must preserve a balance, if we can. That is the great matter. But the best of all remedies is hope. Give her all the hope you can. Give it, even if you have it not yourselves. Give her that, or all that I can give her is useless. Without hope, and strong hope—she dies!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, "what can we do? Poor thing, poor thing—and such a good, dear, admirable creature, a perfect heroine, or better, a saint, from all they tell me. We *must* save her, doctor—I would spend anything—money or strength, to save her."

"What she wants is hope, comfort, faith that her husband will be saved. She had that, but in the inquiries of the old gentleman here, as to who could prove his clearness of any connection with this desperate gang, it vanished, and she sinks—sinks yet—her pulse fails, fails. Give me another spoonfull from that bottle."

It was done, and the death-like form yet swallowed down the potion with pallid, motionless lips.

"But is there no one who can prove an alibi? You *believe* he is innocent; where has he been? with whom, of late?"

"He has been absent this month and more," said the doctor. "He was wild, and frequented that Garwood's grogshop, a notorious haunt of gamblers. His wife persuaded him to go away and leave the concern to her; yes, she has done too much at it, all the while suffering from her anxiety about him. He comes back—goes again to the very same haunt, and is surprised there in actual play with the notorious Douglas and Melville. He rushes out with them. Each of those incarnate fiends shoots down his man, and escapes. Abijah and two others, too well known to be subordinates of the gang, are taken. That is the case—and it looks as bad as bad can be," said the doctor, speaking low, as if afraid the apparently unconscious sufferer should hear it.

"That looks bad indeed," said Mr. Martin, "but still you think him innocent, you say. If so, on what grounds? Where, I ask, and with whom has he been?"

"With a man of the name of Randall, a rough but not bad-looking man, a very excellent man indeed, this poor girl says. She says he has been with him, bringing over a mob of horses from Sydney to Melbourne, and was going away with him to stay on his station some time to strengthen his good habits."

"But that is your man!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, "that is your very man—we must have him at any price. Where is he? Why is he not sent for?"

"There lies the difficulty," replied the doctor, "nobody here knows the man but Mrs. Popkins, and she has been too much agitated, too completely prostrated, to enable us to get the information."

"We will send at once to Castlemaine. We must get it from the prisoner. Not a moment must be lost;—there is but a week to the assizes."

The strong, excited voice of the speaker, appeared to have roused the patient from her trance-like state. The doctor raised his finger warningly. She is coming to herself—her pulse beats agitatedly—she breathes more strongly—she sighs—he leaned over her. The next moment a heavy, deep sigh escaped from the bosom of the poor girl; she opened her eyes an instant, closed them again, and tears were seen streaming from her eyelids.

"That is good," said the doctor, "I am glad to see those tears, my dear Mrs. Popkins, they will do you good; they are the first I have seen since I was called in," he added, addressing himself softly to the spectators. "But, my dear Mrs. Popkins," he continued, again addressing her, "you must not distress yourself, you have no need. There is good news—" At this instant the poor girl's eyes flashed open eagerly; she started up as if endowed at once with all her wonted strength, and riveting her gaze on the doctor, she exclaimed,

"What news? oh, what news—what good news? Is it cleared up? is he at liberty?"

"Not at liberty yet, dear Mrs. Popkins," said Doctor Roche, for that was the physician's name, "no, that is too much to expect in such a case—law is slow and formal, you know, it must be; but he *will* be liberated, take my word for it," smiling kindly at her.

The word law seemed to strike her like a heavy blow or a sudden cold blast, and when the doctor said "Take my word for it"—she seemed to collapse, as it were before the phrase—a shudder passed through her whole frame; and fixing her clear, blue, but anxious eyes upon him, she said, faintly,

"Is that all? I thought you said there was good news;" her head sank upon her bosom, her hands were clenched rigidly together, and she appeared, pale and drooping as a broken lily, to be actually sinking into death.

"But, my dear girl," said Mr. Martin, laying his hand suddenly on her arm, and anticipating the doctor's explanation, "there is good news."

"Oh, what—what is it?" again exclaimed the agitated girl, at once reviving, and turning her thin, pale face, and clear and intensely eager eyes upon him. "Oh, tell me quick, quick!—don't deceive me, for I can't bear it! A word, I feel now, would kill me!"

"But you must not be killed," said Mr. Martin, "on any account. It is you who must and can save your husband."

At these words the poor girl's hope seemed to fade away; if it, after all, depended on herself, all was lost, she thought. But Mr. Martin added, rapidly:

"I am a magistrate; I am here to serve you—and I will serve you, cost what it will. Now, listen; you say your husband is innocent of any connection with these bushrangers?"

"Oh, innocent as I am!" exclaimed the young wife; "innocent as the babe unborn!"

"Enough; then all we have to do is to prove that he was not, and could not have been with the bushrangers on any of the occasions of crime for which they are in charge. I hear that all that is easy as to any such charge till within the last month. The people here, plenty of them, will prove that."

"Oh, yes, yes, scores can," exclaimed the young woman.

"Very well; all we want is to prove that he could not have been with them during the last month, except on the day they were taken here. Where was he during that month?"

"Oh, with Mr. Randall, every day of the time!"

"Good! and where is Mr. Randall to be found? Once let me have him, and all is secure!"

At these words the poor girl gave a violent start, seized her hair on each temple with convulsive hands, drew her hand agitatedly across her forehead, and seemed lost in extremest terror.

"Gently, my dear girl, gently; why alarm yourself so? Tell us where this Randall is, and we will have him, if it be from the South Pole."

"Oh!" exclaimed the poor girl, in the wildest, most piercing accent, "he is gone! gone! gone! quite away! You will never find him in time!" and she shook with agitation and writhed in agony.

"But we will have him, my dear girl," said Mr. Martin, confidently; "we will have him, and if not in time for the day of trial, we will have that put off—I know the Governor well—he is not the man to deprive any human creature of the fullest chance for his life; the trial shall be postponed, if necessary; so now cheer up,—let us have the address of Mr. Randall, and we will be after him this minute."

The confidence of these assurances, the air of authority of the speaker, the kind but positive tone in which he spoke, acted like a charm on the terrified girl. She looked at him with unceasing wonder and calmness, her hand involuntarily seized his, her blue eyes became calmer, but full of intensest feeling; a slight flush started into her pale face, and with a faint smile, she said:

"Oh, sir, what comfort you give me! God bless you forever and ever! If you save my poor Abijah, you will save us all! What shall we do to thank you?"

"Oh," said Mr. Martin, "we'll not think of that; but this Mr. Randall; don't you see how Jonas* and my friend Charles Fitzpatrick are ready to ride off for him?"

The young woman glanced at Charles, whom she had not noticed, drew instinctively her shawl more closely and orderly about her, and said:

"But what a ride they will have! How very, very good of this young gentleman! Mr. Randall is gone to Ballarock, where he lives. It is a hundred and fifty miles off, and the latter part of the journey is a terrible one, as I have heard Mr. Randall describe it. It is through the fearful Mallee Scrub, and into a dry, parched desert land, where it is next to impossible to procure food or water for the horses, and if the travellers get out of the track, they are very likely to famish."

"What in the world," said Mr. Martin, impatiently, "could induce the man to fix himself in such a spot? but never mind, we will have him yet, or I'll go myself. Where is it, then?" and pulling out Hoona's Squatter's Map, and hastily unfolding it on his knee.

"It is Ballarock—the Desert of Ballarock—the last station on the habitable country, and actually in the unsettled wild itself."

"Good gracious! ay, that it is," said Mr. Martin, putting his finger on a certain number on the map, "there it is northeast of the Lake Hindmarsh, and all beyond marked to the very Murray on the borders of Adelaide,—Impenetrable Scrub.' Never mind, we'll have him out of his desert—but if he was here when Mr. Popkins was taken, why did he go away? Was that like a friend?"

"Oh, sir," said the poor girl, "Abijah was not taken then. Mr. Randall came here with him, and it was agreed that Abijah should go along with him to Ballarock, for some months. Abijah went out, saying he had to pay some little accounts, and Mr. Randall saw him, to his consternation, go to Garwood's. He said at once, 'I will out with our horses, and go to Garwood's and take your husband at once. I dare say he owes something there, but he must not stay there a moment.' Away he went, but when he got to the tent, he heard that the police had been there; that the bushrangers had broke away after shooting two of them, and Abijah was gone, too, nobody knew where. The police attempted to seize Mr. Randall, because they had seen him with Abijah, but he galloped off. He sent a man over from Happy Jack's hut to learn news of Abijah, and to tell me that he could not stay, or he should be seized, too, on suspicion, and he could be of no use to Abijah if he were taken, but that he hoped he would escape, and that he had left a horse for him at Fenton's station, and he must come after him; he should ride home and wait for news."

"All right, then, so far," said Mr. Martin; "and you believe this Randall an honest fellow?"

"Oh, sir, a good man—a wonderfully good man! He has been more than a brother to Abijah!"

"That will do," said Mr. Martin, and he looked round for Charles and Jonas.

They were gone out; he followed instantly. In the next apartment, the store, in fact, he found Charles hastily putting up tea, sugar, salt and flour, for the journey. Jonas had gone for the horses. A woman, with a child under her arm, which she held like a little bundle, while she reached down things for Charles, said:

"Shall you bring him off, think you, sir?"

"Shall we?" said Mr. Martin, "of course we shall; make yourself sure of that, mate!"

He knew this would go to the anxious wife.—He then gave Charles the Squatter's Map, pointed out the station, and their way up to it, where they could refresh and lodge, and told them they must, colonial fashion, take four horses, each one in hand, so as to change them on the journey, and thus make vastly more speed. Very soon he saw them off, Jonas riding one of the two horses, and leading the other. Charles on Blue Beard, Mr. Martin's horse, and leading his own cob. Away they went at full canter, meaning to reach Fenton's that evening, though the sun was getting low.

As soon as they were off, Mr. Martin turned into the tent again, where he found Mr. Matthew Popkins seated by the couch of his daughter-in-law, with a very grave aspect, and their conversation did not seem by any means to have consoled or comforted the poor afflicted girl.

"A poor weak creature is Abijah," he was saying; "but why did you not let us know, Patty? I could soon have been over and given him a lecture."

"Ah, dear father, lecturing does Abby no good. He hates what he calls preaching, and gets out of the way of it. I hoped to win him to stick to business by kindness and by helping.—One does not like running about telling tales of one's own husband."

"But that won't do, Martha," said old Matthew, sternly; "see what comes of it; what trouble, what disgrace, what spotting of the good name. I have always kept a tight hand on Abijah, and he needs it."

The poor girl looked the picture of misery; her face had resumed the same expression of distress, and was again of the same marble hue, as when the friends first arrived. The doctor was gone.

"Come, come, Mr. Popkins," said Mr. Martin, "I can't have you lecturing my young friend for your son's faults. It is quite enough that she has had them to bear with, and to suffer from. Lecture him as much as you please when you get at him, but I put a decided veto on any lecturing here. This dear, good girl has been a wonder to the whole diggings. She has come all the way out from England, out of an old affection There, I like to see you blush, my dear madam; and she has carried on this business here, with the help of a single lad, to admiration. Early and late she has been at it, sometimes hunting her—(well, well, ma'am, I won't fall into the sin I was condemning,) she has sought up her husband and

* Our old friend Jonas, of "The Adventures in the Wilds of Australia."

set him right again and again, but, as you say, the lad is weak; well, now, don't be angry, friend, I don't mean in intellect; he is clear enough, but weak in resolution, and I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Popkins, we must have this store sold, and have Abijah and our friend here down to Lahni Mill. The store is very valuable; Mrs. Popkins has kept it in spite of—well, never mind what; I can't have you growling at me, madam, —and it will fetch a good sum."

"Well, there's my other son," said Matthew Popkins.

"What, Jonas?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. "No, take my word for it, he'll never turn storekeeper! He's a lad of the bush, and will thrive there! I can't agree to his coming here!"

"No, no!" said the old man; "I mean Abner."

"Oh, aye!—just so, just so! the very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Martin; "yes, yes, he shall come here, and Abijah and Patty, they shall come to this mill. Well, now, you like that," said the vivacious Mr. Martin, going up to the side of the young woman's couch, and taking her hand; "I see that you like that, and really it is a paradise of a place, that mill and that charming valley.—There Abijah will be out of bad company, all except his father," he said, laughingly; "and if you go, sir, and lecture him too much, you'll be the very worst company he can have. No, no, encourage him—I say, encourage him; I like encouragement. Plants, animals, everything like sunshine. I like it. Too much frost and chill will kill anything. Yes, I see you think just as I do," tapping the young woman on the shoulder, who was smiling, and had regained a wonderful degree of animation, showing she liked both the talk and the prospect of getting her husband away to Lahni Mill. "I shall be delighted, we shall all be delighted to have you there," he continued, as if reading her thoughts, as no doubt he did. "We shall all like you, and will have fine times of it. But now—" He paused a moment, and a cloud, as of apprehension, fell on that young and most sensitive countenance. "But while these lads are away, we must set about and get up all the evidence we can prior to the last month, and that done, you must be off, Mrs. Popkins, to Castlemaine, and comfort your husband with your presence. I'll see that you have free access to him; and so, Mr. Popkins, send off for your son Abner, to commence storekeeping—a capital chance for him—as soon as he can get hither."

While Mr. Martin and Mr. Matthew Popkins are doing this, with the aid of Mr. Abijah Popkins's wife, and that of Barks and Purdy, who are dispatched as messengers in every direction, we will follow our two young travellers on their journey.

CHAPTER XII.

A RIDE IN SEARCH OF EVIDENCE.

Our two youths made the best of their way. Leaving Fenton's station with the dawn next morning, they soon after crossed the Loddon, and held away through the forests towards Mount Korong. Thence they threaded their way across to the Avoca, and cantered on leaving Mount Jeffco to the left, bearing northwest for the region where the waters of the Wimmera lose themselves in the distant lakes. We shall not describe their journey. It was through scenery varied by low hills, rich green valleys, and the different species of gum trees, each kind according to the soil or the rock that it likes best. Now they traversed the low banks of streams where the red gum trees flourished in noble bulk and altitude, now the rocky barren ranges where the stringy-bark and the iron bark prevailed. They found hearty welcome at the different stations in their way, and distinct directions for their next stage. Thus they cantered on grave, and eager to reach their journey's end. Jonas, as we know, a capital bushman, and very amusing in his curiously blundering yet witty observations, was now too deeply anxious to be anything but serious and often taciturn. Now riding one horse and now another, they advanced at a rapid rate. On the second day they found themselves on the borders of that immense region of Mallee scrub, which extends over a vast stretch of the north-west of the colony. Luckily for them a track was cut through it, and they were thus at once enabled to advance with speed, and prevented from wandering. This Mallee scrub, as it is called, consists of a dense wood of dwarf species of gum tree, Eucalyptus Dumosa. This tree, often not more than a dozen feet in height, stretches its horizontal and rigid branches around it, so as to form with its congeners a close, compact mass. So close is it, that you may travel for scores of miles through it, and see no trace of any vegetation but itself, and a species of twining plant, which runs like cord among it, and as it were, knits and ties it up into an impenetrable mass. Where vegetation does prevail, it is generally the sharp and inhospitable nettle grass, the blades of which are like wires, and every one of which terminates in a point sharp and keen as a needle. This grass affords no nourishment to the horse of the traveller, but where he is obliged to traverse it, wounds and stings his legs fearfully. Woe, therefore, to the wanderer who finds himself involved in the mazes of the fearful Mallee scrub. He may occasionally make his way to some distance, but the impenetrable thickets compel him to turn thither and thither, and soon he is completely bewildered, and eventually brought to a dead stand, not knowing how to advance or retreat. Hence the skeletons of many a lost traveller lie bleaching in the melancholy wastes of the Mallee scrub. The only access to any given point is that made by the axe, and along such a passage between the walls of the scrub our travellers advanced. There was no turning right or left, and so destitute of animal life was this scene, that for a score of miles as they rode through it, they did not see a bear, a bird, or frog, nor perceive so much as a lizard enlivening by its motion the soundless and weari some jungle.

Issuing from this tedious and unattractive region, they found themselves in a vast sandy desert. Low sand hills, covered with a thinly scattered wood of blue-looking gums, extended on their right hand, and before them stretched an arid, sandy plain, sparingly scattered with low bushes, and clothed with a rigid vegetation resembling the heather. Both they and their horses were wearied with their two days rapid journey. They looked round and onward in vain for a trace of water; they listened for the ever welcome sound of frogs—there was no such cheering note. All was dry, barren, and desolate. It was now August, a winter month verging on spring, and yet all was dry; they felt what it must be in the sultry summer months, more resembling a furnace than a habitable land.

For hours they rode on in great perplexity and anxiety. All track was lost. They might in this pathless desert of sand go on for days, and find no human habitation, if they missed the one they were in quest of. It was not till now, that they felt the hazardous nature of their undertaking. Without a guide, what could lead them to their goal? They stood still and held a council, the result of which was to proceed no further across the plain, which appeared interminable, and by all accounts was only bounded by the terrible Mallee scrub. To the right they could perceive something like rocks, and they determined to direct their course thither. Their horses showed every mark of exhaustion, and no wonder, for they had each of the two last days passed over more than seventy miles of ground, and some extremely rugged and difficult. They were evidently exhausted by intense thirst, and water was still the most hopeless of all things to obtain. The sun was fast descending the evening sky, and weary were both man and horse, parched with heat and drought, for the day had been very warm. They trailed on for a couple of hours. The rocks, if they were such, seemed to recede at their approach, and they almost began to regard them as some illusion. Anon, however, they saw them grow more distinct. They soon clearly showed themselves as granite rocks, strangely wild, gray, and broken. On their backs stood up, ragged and sickly, a number of straggling pines, of the calitris species, which, like our Scotch fir, lives and takes root in the driest crevices of the most barren and hot rocks. Beneath the rocks were several openings like little valleys, showing behind a most arid, and adust region, as if the very soil were only particles of decayed granite, and bearing a meagre forest of crooked and twisted stringy bark. The aspect of the place was singularly desolate—and yet in one of the openings under the gray pile of rocks, and overhung by several of the skeleton-like calitris trees stood a wooden hut roofed in with sheets of stringy bark, kept in their places by stones slung across it by ropes of cow-hide.

Humble and miserable as was the hut, our youths beheld it with feelings of unspeakable exultation. They took it for granted that it was inhabited, though they saw no smoke issue from its chimney, and not a creature appeared visible. Not a dog lay about the place, so universally the case at stations; not a fowl or a pigeon appeared below or above, but these, were they there, might have betaken themselves to roost. It was now sunset, yet the sun glared unclouddedly from the west across the waste of arid sand, and the place seemed glowing in a red and fiery heat.

"If the place be tenantless," said Jonas, "what is to become of our horses, for neither grass nor water can exist here."

As he spoke, however, a large sheep-dog set up a wild bark somewhere in the top of the rocks, and appeared to be descending by some hidden way, barking furiously as he came. They looked, and on the brow of the precipice opposite to them, they beheld an object which filled them with astonishment. It was a stout, thick figure of a man, as it seemed, but of a thickness which amounted almost to monstrosity. The figure could not be more than four feet in height, and in breadth it was beyond all ordinary proportions to its altitude. It was clad in a scarlet shirt, which was stuffed into a pair of rude trowsers, which again disappeared in a large pair of jackboots, those called Napoleons, only reaching to the knee. On his boots he wore a large pair of spurs, and a dark colored pair of braces made themselves conspicuous over his shirt. He had no hat on, but his head which appeared large and solid, was covered with a bush of curling, black hair, and his complexion at that distance appeared of a swarthy brown. This strange apparition stood motionless and perfectly silent, eyeing them attentively from his elevation, while the dog had descended, and after several circles made round them barking vociferously, now drew itself up at the door of the hut and showed its teeth, growling in a low tone.

"Good-morning, mate," shouted Jonas to the strange object on the precipice, "any one at home?"

"I am here," said the figure, laconically, without moving, and in a voice of extraordinary gruffness.

"If you are the sole tenant of the place," added Jonas, "we shall be extremely obliged to you for a night's rest and refreshment for ourselves and horses!"

"Does it look like a place where refreshment abounds?" replied the unmovable figure.

"Well, not remarkably," replied Jonas, "but before we bandy any more compliments, just tell me—is this Mr. Randall's station?"

The "sturdy stump of a man," as Jonas called him, *sotto voce*, to Charles, took some little time to consider his answer, which, when it came, was only—

"And suppose it should be?"

"Then, if it should," rejoined Jonas, "it would be a blessing, for we have as little inclination to travel further in this sort of country, as you, mate, have, as it would seem, for talking. If this be Mr. Randall's, we want to see him."

"May be," rejoined the figure, "but Mr. Randall is not at home."

"Then we must wait till he comes."

"Perhaps you may tire of that. Can you live on sand?"

Jonas now stared at the man, if man he were, and took a long silence before answering—

"Not on sand, mate, but we could do tolerably on sandwiches. We are not particular, but we are in haste," and with this he and Charles dismounted, without ceremony, and determined to see what kind of quarters the place afforded.

This strange, inhospitable reception, from a creature so strange, was so totally out of character with the customs of the colony, that they were at a loss what to make of it, but they and their horses were both too much in need of refreshment and rest, to stay wasting further words.—As they dismounted, however, the squat figure began to dismount from his eminence, and as they had just opened the door of the hut, where they saw nobody, he came up to them. If they had been astonished at his appearance at a distance, they were ten-fold more so on a closer view. The man, for man it was, was evidently a dwarf, but not a dwarf alone, but one of those remarkably strongly-built forms, which are called double-jointed. His legs, in his boots, bore some resemblance in thickness to those of an elephant; at the same time they were extremely short.—His arms and hands were of equally massive size. His neck was like a little tower, and his head, though by no means disproportioned, was large, massy and indicative of great strength, both physical and intellectual. His face, though of an almost copper hue, was rather handsome, and the expression singularly mild, though at this moment, reserved and lowering. The two youths stood before him in astonishment, not unmixed with awe. The place and the man, taken together, had something wierd and supernatural about them.

"Will you oblige me with your names, gentlemen?" said the ponderous little man, laying his large hand on the handle of the door, and drawing the door to.

"Mine is Fitzpatrick," said Charles.

The sturdy stump of a man gave no indication of its effect on him.

"And mine is Popkins," said Jonas.

"Popkins!"

There was the most instant change of the man's countenance. The cloud vanished; the caution was gone. His eyes flashed out a sunbeam of light, and the hitherto taciturn person now exclaimed, in a voice singularly soft:

"Bravo, Mr. Popkins! I have been on the look-out for you these four days, on the hill. I congratulate you on your escape; Mr. Randall will be rejoiced. He will soon be at home."

The door was flung open, the horses were led away. There was found an abundance of water and corn, and soon the two weary youths were seated in the hut, where the kettle was speedily boiling for tea. It was wonderful to see the activity with which the little bulky man went about the duties of cook, notwithstanding his ungainly elephantine build. He came with a load of wood on his shoulder, enough for a horse, and piled it carefully in a corner for the evening fire, observing that the nights were still very cold. He set a massive table in the middle of the room, lifting it as an ordinary man would the merest little card-table. In a very short time he had the tea things on the table, and kangaroo steaks frying on the fire, with a piece of cold beef and a wattle-bird pie also ready on the board.

"You mistake me for my brother Abijah," said Jonas, sorrowfully, as the large little man was busily frying his steaks.

"What!" said he, "are you not Mr. Abijah?" with a start that almost overset his frying-pan. "What is amiss, then? They have not taken him?"

"I am sorry to say they have," replied Jonas, "and my brother is now in Castlemaine. He wants Mr. Randall to give evidence for him."

"Oh, Lord of Mercy! In prison! Ay, they were within a hair of having Mr. Randall, too. Good Lord alive! What is to be done? I was afraid they might be coming here after Mr. Randall, and that made me so rude to you till I knew who you were. Oh, lads, lads, lads! And there comes the master! I must run and tell him! Will you hold my pan?"

He gave the handle to Jonas, and disappeared with a speed which astonished them, from the peculiarity of his build. Anon he returned, grave and thoughtful, and without a word, took his pan, and proceeded in silence with his business. In a few minutes a man walked, or rather limped, into the apartments, who scarcely less excited the surprise of the young men than their first acquaintance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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Eight "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are respectfully declined: "To S——t;" "Vessel of Time—The Rose Tree of Love;" "Album Dedication;" "A Night in the Belfry;" "A Leaf from Dreamland."

RED INK. E. F. S. We know of no method by which red ink can be made durable. An article called Carmine, which is sold at the stationers, will be found to be fadeless, or nearly so. It is more expensive than the ordinary red ink. All colored inks are less durable than black, and the latter, when of the best quality, should always be used for writings of importance.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novelet,

Tallengetta; or, the Squatter's Home,

the following Novelets will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

BALDNESS.—We recently published a paragraph, which stated that baldness of the head was on the increase, owing to the growing of the hair on the face. Of course this is all nonsense, as the beard really grows as much when cut regularly as when left uncut. Some say that it grows much more—that it only grows from two to four inches when left uncut, while there is a growth of from four inches to a foot yearly when shaved off daily.

CONGRESSIONAL CORRUPTION.

We publish a tolerably full summary of the proceedings in Congress upon the charges of Congressional corruption recently made in the New York *Times* by its editor and its Washington correspondent. Both of these gentlemen, Messrs. Raymond and Simonton, refuse to disclose what they know relative to the matter. We have seen with the utmost surprise the attempt made by certain members of Congress, to represent the late proceedings relative to Mr. Simonton as an attack upon the Press. As one of the Press, we view them in a very different light—and we repudiate entirely and indignantly the championship, the pretended championship as we fear it is, of these very sensitive Senators and Representatives. The course both of Mr. Raymond and of Mr. Simonton appears to us unworthy of the Press. If they were not prepared to support their charges, they should not have made them—and true honor cannot consist in the concealment of dishonorable acts. The ends of justice would be continually baffled, if witnesses were allowed to conceal their knowledge of evil practices behind the screen of "confidential disclosures." And there cannot be one rule for Congressional knaves, and another for knaves out-of-doors—a Congressional confidence must be considered just upon a par with any other confidence.

We trust, therefore, that Mr. Simonton will be compelled to disclose his knowledge of these base transactions. His only tenable ground of refusal, would be the plea that in so doing he would criminate himself—but this plea, it seems, he entirely repudiates. Asserting his own entire clearness and invulnerability, he should be made to testify, or suffer the due penalty of his silence. And, whether he consents to testify or not, let not the investigation flag. As one of the Press, we demand the most searching inquiry, regardless which of the correspondents of the Press at Washington it touches, or what Senator or Representative it dashes from his high estate. It is of the very highest importance that such corruption of the national representatives—such offering and purchasing of votes—should be exposed, if such there has been. As things now are, every member of Congress is open to suspicion. The country turns uneasily from the words of one to the words of another, and says this man's speech bewrayeth him, or that man's speech bewrayeth him. Are there any guilty—who are the guilty? these are questions that will not down. The matter this time is too serious for whitewashing. Let the good men and true in Congress be sustained both by the Press and the People. Let those be noted whose efforts seem to be incessantly bent to defeat or delay or belittle the investigation—who seek to introduce side issues, or to divert the arrow of Truth from going straight to the corrupt mark. And let the Press especially repudiate all attempts to hold up its broad and potent shield between the wrongdoers and that exposure which they so richly merit.

THE LATE STORM.

The recent snow-storm of the 18th and 19th inst., combined universality and intensity to a remarkable degree. It is rarely that we have a snow-fall that covers, as this covered, nearly the whole Union; rarely that we have the thermometer at such a temperature during a snow-storm, and after its cessation. After all the snow that has fallen, the air still keeps its venom—the mercury has been ranging from zero to ten degrees below, even in Pennsylvania. The cold and snow extended to our knowledge as far south as Georgia, perhaps farther; and all over the North and West, Canada included. The area of the storm was prodigious.

Of course the amount of impediment, damage and death caused by the tempest and the cold is enormous. All the railroads were completely barricaded with snow-drifts, everywhere, and mails and passengers delayed in all directions. The rivers are either frozen or filled with floating ice. The Savannah river on the 23d inst., was filled with masses of ice, a very unusual occurrence in that latitude. The harbors at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, and other places, are frozen, and the crews of many vessels unable to reach port, suffer much from the cold. The sea-board is strewn with wrecks, and a number of seamen were frozen or drowned during the storm. All manner of damage to property everywhere was consequent on the gale.

The weather in the North and North-West has been terribly severe. We hear of the thermometer in Iowa, for instance, indicating a temperature of 37 degrees and in Vermont of 50 degrees, below zero! Either of these "weathers" might be called severe. The "little villain that keeps the air cowld," as the Irishman described the thermometer, has been unusually spiteful of late. At Bangor it was six degrees below zero on the 19th. At Montreal, same day, it was 15 degrees below zero, and at Quebec, on the 18th, it was 30 degrees below zero. At Buffalo, on the 18th, the thermometer stood at 8 degrees below zero; on the 19th it was 5 degrees above. At Oswego, on the 18th, it was 18 degrees below zero, and on the 19th 3 degrees below. At Ogdensburg, on the 18th, it was 36 degrees below zero; and at Watertown, same day, 40 degrees below. At Utica, on the 19th, it was 5 degrees below zero. At New Haven, on the 19th, it was 6 degrees below zero. Same day, at Cincinnati, it was 4 degrees below zero, and the ice in the river a foot thick. At Chicago, on the 19th, it was 16 degrees below zero. In Nebraska, the weather has been particularly cold, and accounts already come of snow six to ten feet deep, and of hundreds of heads of cattle injured and many frozen to death.

At present, railroad intercommunication throughout the country is again established, or nearly so.

NEW USE OF NEWSPAPERS.

A correspondent of the North American says that one or two thicknesses of newspaper, placed between the coverlets of a bed, will add much to the warmth thereof. He says he can testify from experience that it is an effectual preventive of cold sleeping. If this be so, the knowledge of it will be particularly useful to those with whom coverlets are scarce. Large newspapers like the *Post*, may thus be called, in two senses, *blanket* sheets. It ought to increase the sale of newspapers prodigiously in the winter season, when it is found that they are useful alike for enkindling the mind by day, and warming the body by night. Just think of it, fifty-two newspapers, and twenty-six coverlets, all for two dollars!

THE MAILS.—Since our connection with the newspaper business, we have never known a time in which the mails were for so long a period obstructed as the present. From Sunday to Saturday no Western mail was received in this city—and the Northern and Southern mails were mere drippings. The Columbia railroad, under State management—we mean *mis*-management—seemed as if it had gone into disuse for the winter. The road from Lancaster to Pittsburg was reported clear at an early date—but it may be the drifts were not so deep in the central and western portions of the State.

THE DELAWARE.

Even the good people of this city have not until lately, had a correct idea of the difficulties to be encountered in opening and keeping open the navigation of the river Delaware during severe seasons. According to a full account, written by a gentleman who took a trip on the ice-boat recently, the fields of ice are jammed together in the bends of the river, and especially at the Horse Shoe, just below the city, in a manner worthy of the Arctic regions. To show the power of the Ice Boat in question—the best boat of the kind, it is believed, in existence—she made nothing of going through a field of fast, hard, solid ice of an uniform thickness of *seven* inches. Although the ice did not give, split or crack in advance, from the concussion of the contact, the boat progressed steadily through it without halting, but even increasing her speed as she went.

But the difficulty is at places where fields of ice, from seven to ten inches in thickness, are jammed together by the current. Actual measurement proves the ice to be thus accumulated in some places from sixteen to twenty-two feet thick—some ten or twelve feet being below the surface of the water, and the rest as high as the boat's bulwarks above. The only course to be pursued in such cases, is to back the boat, and bring her up with all her immense weight at the top of her speed against the ice barriers. At the first shock she may not gain an inch; but by a succession of such ponderous blows, she finally works her way on to the ice—for which her bow is adapted—and ultimately breaks through and crushes down all opposition. Although only measuring five hundred tons, the weight of timber in this Ice Boat is really equal to that in a frigate.

But after a track is open, the difficulty is to keep it open. To show how difficult this is, it is stated that two steamships for which the way had been thus made, were unable to force themselves through the broken cakes of ice, and the Ice Boat actually had to turn round again and tow them to the city.

Two boats, all the time running, probably could keep the channel open. One, the present Ice Boat, seems to be as good a boat as possibly could be provided. Another of the same kind, and doubtless the problem would be solved.

We do not consider that it is the business of the City to furnish this other boat. The City has done its part in furnishing the one already built,—now let the parties immediately interested, the merchants, the underwriters, &c., do theirs. Of course it is indirectly for the good of everybody that the river should be kept open; so it is for the good of everybody that the railroads should be kept open, and that telegraphic lines should be constructed. If the corporation is to furnish the funds for every enterprise that can be shown to be directly or indirectly for the general good, there will be no end to its expenditures.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Since the discussion of this subject in the Senate, it is stated that direct assurances have been received from Mr. Dallas and the British government, that the latter will enter into treaty stipulations to secure the telegraph line from interruption, for the unrestricted use of both governments and the public, in case of war as well as during peace.

It may reasonably be doubted, whether such treaty stipulations would amount to a great deal in case of a war between the two countries. But we hope never again to see a war between the Anglo Saxon mother and her child. And, even in case of war, the position of this country would not be made worse, by having shared in the benefits of the Submarine Telegraph during peace. The project is of such vast importance to Great Britain, as enabling her to have speedy communication with all her American possessions, that the line undoubtedly will be laid, if it possibly can be done, whether or not our own government agrees to bear its portion of the expense. It cannot fairly be denied that every movement of England recently relative to the United States, manifests the utmost desire to cultivate a friendly understanding, as with "bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh." Her statesmen, in obedience to the national will, evidently are striving to inaugurate a permanent era of good-fellowship and peace. We trust that our own statesmen will banish all petty jealousies and old resentments from their minds, and meet these friendly offers at least half way. Perhaps the time may come when America shall be able to take a noble revenge for the harsh deeds of 1776, by shielding England, grown weak and old, from the hostile bayonets of some European enemy.

BURNING FLUID IN CHURCH.—The sexton of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Burrsville, Ocean County, New Jersey, in filling one of the lamps, while burning, on Friday night, 16th instant, overflowed it, when it took fire. An intense excitement was immediately created, and the congregation, numbering some two hundred and fifty, were thrown into great excitement and confusion.

The carelessness of people in regard to the use of burning fluid, after so many warnings and examples, is a constant wonder. It has been said repeatedly that fluid lamps should never be filled while burning. Dealers in the article print the warning on the labels of the cans in which they sell it. The caution is passed from lip to lip, and every means employed to stamp it upon the minds of the public. And yet, in despite of everything, people persist in risking their lives and property, and court the almost certainty of conflagration, by recklessly disregarding the instruction!

He who decanted a keg of gunpowder into another keg, or filled his powder-horn, before a blazing fire, would undoubtedly be considered a fool by most people, and justly. But powder is no more inflammable than the mixture of turpentine and alcohol, known as burning fluid. It is not even so liable to ignition. The vapor that rises from the latter is itself sensible to fire, as the fumes of powder are not, and floating up to the burning wick, it will inevitably serve as a conductor, and flash the flame to the fluid. A man that will undertake to fill a camphene or fluid lamp while burning, is a greater dunderhead and nincumnoddy than he who pours out powder before an open fire, and he ought to be made to know it. Idiocy could not perform an act more senseless. The monkey that put his head before the muzzle of the cannon as he touched it off, was the natural relative or possible progenitor of such people.—But the monkey was their superior, inasmuch as he did not commit his folly in defiance of instructions, or with any knowledge of the danger he was incurring. The possibility of the descent of such folks from that philosophical and unfortunate baboon, receives additional confirmation from the fact that the animal was without his head after the experiment, which physical peculiarity seems to have a spiritual analogy in the acts of his supposed descendants. Certainly, if they have not lost their heads, they have lost all that makes a head worth having.

PAUPERISM.

We have long believed that all able-bodied paupers ought to be made to support themselves, and not be allowed to prey on the industrious community, either in almshouses, or in the city streets as beggars. That they can support themselves New Haven is entitled to the honor of having proved. The paupers of that city, by the judicious management of the almshouse and the farm for the poor, actually contribute a surplus to the City Treasury. Mr. James Brewster, a prominent and highly respected citizen of that place, in a letter to the *Tribune*, relative to the subject of self-supporting pauperism, is confident that the poor of all our large cities can be easily made to support themselves by their own labor, and says, that if he had not already passed the meridian of human life, he would agree to undertake the support of the paupers of New York free of all expense to the city, as a speculation, after the farm had been provided and the necesary buildings erected.

We hope to see the time when questions of national politics will be summarily ruled out from our elections for city officers, and questions of this character be substituted. No able-bodied man or woman should be allowed to beg in our streets. If they cannot find employment, the city should furnish such, at rates that would pay it for the trouble, and enable it to defray the expenses of the old and infirm poor. This would be just what all industrious paupers want, and just what all the lazy and improvident greatly need.

SLEIGHING.

"Ye that have *sleighs* prepare to use them now." Such was the cry last week—though the snow was spread both too thick and too thin to make the sleighing all it should be. On several of the turnpikes however, men were employed not only to make the drifts passable, but the bare places also. We trust that these roads reaped their reward in solid silver, as they deserved to do. The Germantown turnpike company is especially to be commended. On the common roads in the vicinity of the city, travel generally was impossible during the whole of last week.—We suppose the supervisors did all they could, but that was little. Even the "oldest inhabitant started back in dismay at the sight of many of the drifts, and vowed that it beat anything since "that tremenjus storm" when he was a boy. If our citizens wish to see a fair specimen of these snow hoopings, at perfect convenience to themselves and horses, they should ride along the pike running from the Germantown to the Willow Grove Turnpike, which begins where the old market house used to stand in Germantown—that is, if there is no thaw by the time this reaches their eyes.

FROM NICARAGUA.—A late account represents Gen. Walker to be in a better condition than ever, in possession of Rivas, and fully supplied with ammunition and provisions. This account says that he has 1,200 men, and that 300 are waiting the completion of a steamboat, at Punta Arenas, in order to join him. Other accounts, including those by deserters, give a gloomy view of his position and prospects. Probably if we add both accounts together, and divide them by two, we shall not be very far from the true position of affairs.

President Mora, of the Costa Rican army, has issued a proclamation granting a free passage back to the United States to the "deceived" officers and soldiers in the ranks of the "usurper." Not a bad idea this. We should not be surprised if fully one-half of Walker's men would leave him, if they could get a good chance. They not only have "seen the elephant," but have felt his tusks. On the other hand, Walker has decreed each man of them eighty acres of land—when they can get it.—They could have got twice as much, without any fighting thrown in, without leaving their own country.

AWFUL DEATH.—Found dead in his woodshed, on the 18th inst., Mr. John Doyen, of Avon, Me., aged about 74 years, supposed to have frozen to death in the night. It appears that he attempted to get some wood in the evening, as there was found near him part of a candle and a candlestick. He was found lying upon his face, with quite a wound upon the forehead, with the appearance of some struggling in the attempt to arise. There were none of his family capable of giving the alarm. He was found sometime in the forenoon, by a neighbor.—*Portland Transcript.*

A terrible fatality seems to attach to this family. Mr. Doyen was the father of the notorious "Helen Jewett," whose frightful murder in New York, some years ago, in connection with the trial of her paramour, Robinson, for that crime, is still remembered by many. A son of the same family either threw himself, or fell, from a window at midnight, in Boston, nearly two years ago, and was found, lying on the side-walk, dreadfully crushed, and quite dead. Thus three members of the same household have met with violent deaths.

ACQUITTED.—Isaac C. Shurlock, on trial last week for the "murder" of his employer, Philip S. Clawges, on the evening of Nov. 5th, last, was brought in "Not Guilty" by a jury of twelve men, sworn to do justice according to the law and the evidence.

There was no doubt as to the killing having been committed by Shurlock—there also was very little doubt, if any, as to the seduction of Shurlock's wife by Clawges. The defendant's counsel set up the pleas of insanity and justification—and the jury sustained one or both these pleas by its verdict. If we understand the decision, it is, that any man who is thus injured in his domestic relations in Philadelphia, may shoot the wrong door, "and killing, do no murder."—We trust that the rule will not become hereafter so extended, as to warrant any one who may merely *suppose* that he has been thus injured, in seeking redress in this summary manner.

THE USE OF THE ROD SUSTAINED.—In Fits William, N. H., a school teacher having flogged one of his pupils, the father of the boy complained against him, and he was fined three dollars.—The people generally disliking the verdict, reinstated the teacher, who had resigned his charge, and raised additional funds for his support.

The children of such "people" probably cannot be managed without flogging.

ON KISSING.

And if it were not lawful,
The lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious,
The clergy would not choose it;
And if it were not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it;
And if it were not plentiful,
The poor girls could not have it.

☞ The extreme velocity of the wind was found by Dr. Lind to be 93 miles an hour. The machine used to measure it is called an anemometer.

☞ An Athenian, who was lame in one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiery, on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said the hero. "not to run."

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Persia brings accounts of European affairs up to the 10th inst. The news is interesting and important. Lord Napier, a practised diplomatist, with Austrian, Persian, Russian, Neapolitan and Turkish experiences in that line of business, has been appointed Minister to these United States. So we have not gone to war about Mr. Crampton, after all!

The Plenipotentiaries who assembled at Paris to terminate the difficulties respecting the Treaty of the 30th March, have brought their labors to a close, and the official organ of the French Government gives the result. The Conference has decided that the frontier lines shall follow the Vale of Trajan as far as the river Yalpuck, leaving Bolgrad and Tabak to Moldavia, and that Russia shall retain, on the right bank of that stream, the town of Komrat, with a territory of 300 square versts. The Isle of Serpents has been considered as belonging to the Mouth of the Danube. The territories west of the new line are to be annexed to Moldavia, with the exception of the delta of the Danube, which returns to Turkey.

Paris, meanwhile, has been convulsed by a terrible tragedy. The Archbishop of the city while officiating in the church of St. Stephens, was stabbed to the heart by a discharged priest, named Verges. The Archbishop died instantly. Verges was formerly a priest in a provincial diocese, and had been discharged for preaching against the new Catholic dogma of the Immaculate Conception. At the moment of the assassination, when, lifting the Archbishop's cape, he drove a butcher knife into the latter's heart, he shrieked "Down with the goddess!"—an expression which he afterwards explained to refer to the doctrine of the Conception. He is supposed to be insane. This was the priest who received in his arms the former Archbishop of Paris who fell in the Revolution of '48, shot down on the barricade while attempting to intercede between the troops and the insurgents.

The previous accounts of Swiss affairs showed that William Tell is not dead yet. The whole country blazed with enthusiasm. It was said that if war ensued, four hundred thousand men would take the field. Lately, when the cantonment of Geneva wanted eight hundred thousand francs to purchase arms, the entire sum was subscribed at the town hall in twenty-four hours!

There is, however, a good prospect of peace. Wurtemburg threw a serious obstacle in the path of the Prussian invader by refusing to allow his troops to pass through her territory. This rendered the invasion extremely difficult, if not impossible.

The Swiss Government declared its willingness to put a stop to the legal proceedings against the Prussian prisoners who attempted to get up an insurrection in Neufchatel, if France and England would promise their efforts to procure the complete independence of Neufchatel, and to withdraw their adhesion to the protocol of 1852 in favor of the King of Prussia, if they did not obtain from that monarch the abandonment of his pretensions to the Canton. Prussia wanted the prisoners who attempted to make trouble in Neufchatel, released, and was willing to negotiate the other matters.

It now appears that the difficulty is virtually settled by the interposition of France, supported by England and Austria. The emperor Napoleon undertakes that Prussia shall renounce claim upon Neufchatel in return for the release of the prisoners. Further, France and Austria undertake to prevent any aggression by Prussia upon Switzerland. Switzerland approves these terms, and the Federal Assembly is authorised to ratify them. It seems probable that Prussia will raise no objections to this settlement.

At Rome a conclave of churchmen was held on the 15th of December, in which the state of the Church in Mexico and South America was considered. His Holiness the Pope complains bitterly of the doings of the new Government of Mexico, and declares the measures it has taken against the authority of the Apostolic Chair to be null and void. His Holiness also denounces those priests who obey the laws of the countries in which they live, rather than the instructions forwarded them from Rome!

Marshal Radetsky, well known as a General in the war against Hungary, has died suddenly, leaving the world probably for the world's good.

Persia seems disposed to come to a settlement with England. The Persian troops had marched beyond Herat, meeting with no resistance on the part of the Affghans, and it is thought, would advance still further. News of them is anxiously expected at Constantinople.

The rest of the news relates to the recent bombardment of Canton. It is not stated, or rather restated, that our Consul and man-of-war at that port had any part in this transaction. If they had, they ought to be called to account for it. A statement in the *London Weekly Times*, is in substance, as follows: A Chinese vessel, the Arrow, had obtained a Colonial register, which by the provisions of the treaty formerly wrung from the Chinese government, entitled the vessel to be considered under British control and protection. The vessel was manned by twelve Chinamen, who were arrested by order of Yeh, the Governor General and Imperial Commissioner, on a charge preferred by a citizen of Canton, stating that among them was a person or persons who had committed piracy on him at sea. The English claim that, by the treaty, the Chinese authorities can only make criminal arrests through the British Consul, which was not done in this instance. The Consul declares that the Chinese police when they made the arrest, also hauled down the British flag. He sent to the Governor-General, Yeh, demanding the return of the crew of the Arrow, and an apology for the insult. Yeh, the Consul reports, made a polite answer, denying that the Arrow was an English vessel, and sent back nine of the crew, stating that the other three had been proved guilty of piracy. The Consul refused to receive the liberated men. Then the English Governor of Hong Kong took up the matter, repeating the demands of the Consul, and received the same answer. Then Sir Michael Seymour, the Admiral of the station, came up, and demanded reparation and apology. On the following day, Yeh sent the twelve seamen to the Consul. The Consul wouldn't receive them, demanding that they should be publicly restored to the vessel, and a letter of apology written. The matter was then placed in the hands of the Admiral, who demanded a personal interview with Yeh, was refused, and then captured some of the Chinese forts. Yeh continuing silent, more forts were taken, the city wall staved in, and the British troops marched into the city to the Governor's Palace, which was found deserted. Then the Palace was bombarded; — the Bogue forts were also battered with projectiles, and besides the number of unfortunate Chinamen slaughtered with shot within their walls, a large number were drowned while endeavoring to swim from the forts to the mainland?

The London *Weekly Times* declares that the Consul "proceeded rather fast" in this matter. We think he did. We think that—this account being correct—if he and the others were hanged with a rope made of official red-tape, poetic and natural justice would at once be honored, and the world considerably benefitted. The *London News* considers the action of the British authorities at Canton, disgraceful, and says that despatches from Canton assert that the British, and not the Chinese, behaved like barbarians. We agree to it all.

The Chinese Governor denied that the Arrow was a British vessel; denied that she came under the provisions of the treaty; asserted that her British flag, on the statement of the prisoners, had been bought of a private merchant; declared that his police boarded her under the belief that she was a Chinese vessel, and said that she had been built by a Chinese ship-wright. Whatever falsehood was in his statement, though it is, very likely, true, it is still shewn that he denied having hauled down the flag, disclaimed any intention of insult, and released the prisoners. It seems to us that this explanation and reparation should have been thought sufficient. His denial was, in courtesy, as good as the assertion. His disclaimer of offence neutralized the imputation. His return of the men was all that could have been desired. At any rate, his action in the matter should have been accepted when the alternative was the slaughter of so many human beings. Suppose the circumstances had occurred in an American, instead of a Chinese city; suppose that our authorities had informally arrested some British subjects; is it likely that an English Consul and an English Admiral would have conjointly undertaken to demand technical and refuse practical reparation, and ended by bombarding one of our principal cities? They would have swallowed the insult before they would have done such things! But why should they treat the Chinese differently from us? Is not justice, justice, the world over? Is fair and honest dealing geographical? But then the Chinese are a weak nation, and can be bullied or slaughtered on the flimsiest pretext, at the will of an insolent group of underlings; and we are a strong nation, and cannot be so served. That is the difference.

The key to the singular and apparently unreasonable action of the British officials in this case, may be—possibly—in the prevailing rumor that before the matter ends, England will add the Chusan Islands to her colonial possessions. If this is true, the affair instead of being chargeable only to the impudence of a knot of upstart underlings, rises to the bad dignity of a state scheme for the acquisition of territory. It is the fashion with these powerful governments.—They force weak nations into making treaties which they know the others will break; they slaughter the innocent multitude when their governors violate, or seem to violate, the forced bargains; and then, on the pretext of indemnity, they end the long plot by taking territory to which they have no just claim. How long are these practices to continue? Till the common and Christian sense of professedly Christian nations, sternly rebukes Ministers, Kings, or Presidents who do such deeds in their name, and declares that it scorns any commercial or territorial advantage which cannot be obtained in a fair and honorable manner.

New Publications.

WORDS FOR THE HOUR. By the Author of "Passion Flowers." Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Howe's former volume of verse had undeniable merits, while its faults were also undeniable. In the present volume the merits seem fewer, and the faults more. So crude, crabbed, discordant, and obscure is it, that at first reading it hardly appears to deserve any consideration as poetry. However, on careful and patient examination, it improves, and though the expression is very deficient in simplicity and melody, the thought has often much dignity, nobleness and beauty. It must nevertheless be imputed to it as blame, that its excellencies are in most cases, only microscopically visible. Mrs. Howe is indeed one of those who, to use her own words—

—"vex with ill-directed flight,
And sentence, mystical and hard."

The "flight" might with proper effort, and a forgetfulness of certain great poets, who are also bad examples, be well directed, and the "sentence," elucidated and softened. We can best forgive the serious faults of the Brownings' poetry when we meet with them there, illuminated and half-redeemed by the superlative excellencies with which they are commingled. We find it more difficult to forgive those faults when we come upon them in somebody else's poetry, where corresponding excellencies do not appear. It would be unjust and unkind to say these things, if our author were less in poetic power and possibility than she is. As it is, we must think that Doctor Holmes should have taken from her "softly folded hands" the "knotted scourge," she proffered him for another discipline (see the poem on p. 115, entitled "A Vision of Montgomery Place,)" and, as a poet, in the name of the offended muse, made her undergo the expected penance for not knowing how to do better, and for not doing better than she knows how!

The worst fault of the present volume is, that it is mainly a collection of versified psychological, or other, cryptographs, which are, of necessity, caviare to the mass of her readers, and half unintelligible even to the initiated. For when the cypher in which they are written is resolved into plain English, the insufficiency of the revelation baffles the understanding. We have cloudy conclusions from concealed premises, through three-fourths of the volume. As a familiar instance of the author's general obscurity—often arising from her forgetfulness that the reader needs some understanding of the subjects of her poems, in order to comprehend the poems themselves—take the "Vision of Montgomery Place," to which we have already referred. Its light grace, and wit, and point, must remain unperceived and unperceivable by the reader who does not happen to know the tale that hangs thereby—in other words, that Mrs. Howe once criticised Doctor Holmes' lectures, (we think his lectures on the poets,) in the Boston Commonwealth newspaper. But in other poems of a more serious tone and larger scope, the same fault is even more decidedly obvious. Many of these are reflections and comments on a spiritual history which is the key to them, but which is not at the command of the reader. If the author thought that the events and occurrences which suggested these poems were not to be given to the public, the same consideration should, logically, have withheld the poems. Obscure as they are from this fact, they are rendered even more so by the inexpressiveness, mysticism, and ambiguity of the language in which they are clothed, and by the manner in which the language is used. The style abounds in Browningisms, Miltonisms, lingual involutions and distortions of all kinds, in which the meaning is tangled like the figures of the Laocoon in their snarl of snakes. The diction is very rough, and, almost invariably, unmelodious. The rhymes do not time the movement with musical pulse beats—they lack sonorousness and euphony. These must be regarded as integral blemishes, when we consider how much the more expression is to the poet. It is always the cutting and setting of the jewel; badly done it lessens the value by impairing the effect. This offering is inferior to the former bouquet of "Passion flowers," because it seems like the product of the artificial-flower maker rather than of the garden. The poems appear rather the result of toil than the growth of inspiration. They lack the glow and grace of spontaneity. Several of them are in extremely bad taste: for example—"A Word with the Brownings"—which is painfully ridiculous, not only in its egotism, but in the absurdity of its conception, and its expression, and the ludicrousness of the images some of its lines suggest to the mind. "Fanny Kemble's Child," despite of the fine thoughts it contains, and the felicity and dramatic power of the image with which it closes, seems actually sacrilegious and insulting, and vividly conjures up the possibility of the spirited lady whom it so rudely apostrophises, responding to it with a personal application of her riding-whip. In the "Sermon on Spring," we have a personification of Kansas. She appears "like a guilty ghost at a banquet" at Mr. Pierce's levee; what follows is thus described:

"'I am Kansas,' she shrieked, 'and her hand gave its menace,
"Kansas,' and *seized the crisp locks for a terrible shaking.*'" (!!!)

The ludicrousness of this figure must be obvious to every one. The image of Kansas "grabbing" Mr. Frank Pierce by his hyacinthine curls, while "her hand gave its menace," (did she shake her fist at him?) and the vulgar commonness of the phrase the author employs to describe Kansas's intentions, are alike comical!

Our reason for dwelling on the defects of the volume rather than on its merits, is that the former are at once more numerous, obvious, and important. Perhaps the finest poem in the collection is "The Lamb Without." It has a mournful and tender beauty. "S. P.," is a brave and sad elegy, its sentiment much aided by its metre and movement, which are well chosen, and managed with unusual skill, and its euphony all that could be desired. "Parting from Baby" is a strain of true motherly feeling. "Vis Felice" is noticeably felicitous and sweet to those who understand it, as we do, though much of its effect depends on the reader's acquaintance with what the poem does not relate. Two poems to Florence Nightingale have a vein of noble equity, and contain thought and truth. "Balaklava" has the trumpet-sound of the true lyric. In a word, the volume has sufficient poetic excellence to cause regret that it has not more. The author of "Passion Flowers," the work by which we shall still prefer to remember her, is capable of truer poems than she has here given us, and should endeavor to produce them.

A JOURNEY THROUGH TEXAS; or, A Saddle Trip on the South-Western Frontier; with a Statistical Appendix. By FREDERIC LAW OLMSTEAD. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

"This work," says the author, in his brief preface, "is designed further to promote the mutual acquaintance of the North and South." It contains a series of impressions and pictures of Southern life and society, and as a narrative of travels is very lively and amusing. Its most serious feature is its examination of the institution of slavery from the economical, or profit and loss, point of view.

FIRST LESSONS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By S. W. CLARK, A. M. A. S. Barnes, New York.

The primary elements of English grammar are presented in this work, in a series of simple analytical and synthetical lessons. It is intended for the use of young pupils, and has many excellencies.

DURANG'S TERPSICHORE, or Ball Room Guide, (Fisher & Brother, Philada.,) is the title of a little volume which forms a compendium of the theory, practice, and etiquette of Dancing, and embraces a description of all the cotillions, polkas, mazurkas, gallopades, waltzes, etc., of the day. It is illustrated with appropriate pictures and diagrams, and will be found of great use to learners.

☞ TEMPTING OFFER.—A recent advertisement read as follows: "Stolen, a watch, worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

☞ An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good potsen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?" "Plase your honor" said Pat, "I always blush when I spakes to an officer."

☞ An Alabama editor says of a late festive occasion, "Several healths and songs were masterly advanced, and received in the climax of ecstacy and unanimity, while the eloquence was borne from the speakers' lips on the resounding pinions of enthusiasm, the dying echoes of which were like the murmurings of distant thunder."

☞ Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

☞ To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

☞ A minister who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked advice from a faithful old African servant, who replied—"*Master, go where there is the most devil.*" Of course he went where there was the most of the "root of all evil."

☞ PROSPERITY.—Prosperity shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

☞ THE SPIDER.—The habits of a spider are stationary. He seldom travels far from the locality in which he first saw the light. It is curious that the spider should travel so little, and yet be continually taking flies.

☞ SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.—If you cannot be happy one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man looking for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

☞ A SIMILE.—Winchell, the humorist, tells a story of a dog, which undertook to jump across a well in two jumps. There are a great many people just like that dog—folks who think they can jump across a well in two jumps. They that undertake it usually "bring up" down in the water.

☞ "How fortunate I am in meeting a *rain-been* in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her *beau* of promise, who *happened* along with an umbrella. "And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander, when he has caught a *rein deer*."

Paris Letter.

A PRIVILEGE WORTH HAVING—A SET OF ORIGINALS—A LIFE OF CHARITY—NEW YEAR'S GOSSIP—AN OBLIGING OFFER.

PARIS, Jan. 1, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Your readers may remember the mention made, in a former letter, of the delightful Chamber Concerts given here every Wednesday afternoon, at the house of M. Gouffe, the eminent contrabass, by a group of the professors of the great musical school of the *Conservatoire*, assisted occasionally by eminent artists on a flying visit to Paris, or by young performers of unusual promise, admitted to the honor of making their "first appearance" before the *habitues* of this hospitable musical centre.

The entrance to these concerts is entirely gratuitous; only the friends of the performers, and the friends of these friends, being favored with the *entree*. The performances consist principally of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Hadyn, and other classical composers, varied occasionally with the compositions of a few chosen modern authors. The circle of *habitues* who attend these concerts with a sort of religious devotion and punctuality, in spite of rain, snow, or other inconvenience, consists for the most part of ordinary music-loving mortals, some rich and some poor, some with titles and some without, with nothing very remarkable about them.—But mingled with these are a dozen or so odd fishes that would figure advantageously in the immortal pages of "Mr. Punch," and whose peculiarities of appearance and deportment would make the fortune of a comic sketch book—composers, musicians, and superannuated performers, as simple-hearted, enthusiastic, one-sided, and seedy, as possible. One or two of them are excessively stout, probably from want of exercise; they are the exceptions, and the least interesting. Most of them are exceedingly thin, with a few locks of thin gray hair, shading a wrinkled forehead full of rugged bumps that would delight a phrenologist, and a stoop that tells equally of short commons and of long vigils, of devotion to the thorny science of musical harmony, and of inability to cope with the practical difficulties of the selfish world around us, and to carve out, each for himself, the needful slice of positive comforts from the high-hung social flitch.

Every now and then one of these enthusiasts brings some new composition of his own, to be interpreted by the accomplished musicians who thus generously devote a large portion of the day to this unselfish cultivation of the highest musical art for the sake of its own nobleness and beauty. What a metamorphosis! The lank, bent figure, usually hidden away in some remote corner, the head bowed upon the hand, the eyes closed, and the whole starved-looking person beating time to the glorious strains of some immortal master, now takes its place on a high stool beside the knot of performers, the head erect, leading the orchestra, and indicating with steady beat and varying gesture the special graces of interpretation to be given by the friendly bows around him. His eyes are now wide open, but full of a dreamy light that shows the old composer's soul to be farther off than ever from the perception of outer things. How the thin old face puckers if its owner fancies that a *rallentando* or *pianissimo* is in danger of not being duly honored! How vigorously his withered hand indicates the approach of a quicker or bolder movement! What a smile of seraphic content breaks over his withered features at the exquisite rendering of some subtle or complicated phrase, and yet with what a sudden frown of eloquently deprecating gesture, he represses the murmur of applause that breaks forth among the listeners! And at the close of the really beautiful symphony, when the admiration of the auditory breaks forth loudly and heartily, and the performers who have so perfectly rendered his dreams into act, crowd round him with sympathizing felicitations, and express their pleasure at finding the springs of his inspiration to be as fresh and as copious as ever, with what bashful simplicity he takes their cordial hand-shakings, and how quickly he slips out of the throng, the tight-buttoned, thread-bare coat with its worn and shining collar, surmounted by a rusty black handkerchief, the very "bad hat," and the faded cotton umbrella, vanishing speedily through the doorway, and making off for some shadowy bachelor den, where one would be glad to think there was anything like a tolerable dinner awaiting him.

But the "originals" in question are not all of the sterner sex, or of the humbler walks of life. One of the funniest of them all is the old Countess de A———, now in her ninety-third year, with a nut-cracker-face, as full of wrinkles as it can hold, a mass of wild, gray hair put up in the most incomprehensible style, and a pair of dark, blue eyes, invisible under their hanging eyebrows and drooping lids at a little distance, but lighting up with something of their old fire when she is pleased with what is going on around her. She was a great beauty in her youth, very clever, and very gay; and inherited a very old name, and a very large fortune. Having lost her husband after a few months of married life, she vowed an eternal fidelity to his memory, and consoled herself with devoting her fortune to the education of foundling children, whom she took, sometimes from the streets, sometimes from the Foundling Hospital, and brought up in her own house, teaching them whatever they seemed to have capacity to learn, and putting them out to various trades as they grew older. Some of her attempts have turned out very well; a great number of young people, now thriving artisans, sempstresses, and servants, doing honor to her generous care. But in several instances she has been very unlucky; the little creatures giving her a world of trouble, and turning out very ill in spite of all her efforts to train them to something better. She has even been robbed, and heavily, by some of the recipients of her bounty. One little scoundrel, already perverted by early surroundings, decamped with a quantity of her valuables, and was never heard of again; another, who pretended to be an orphan, but was in reality the child of most depraved parents, who put him up to every sort of villainy, was no sooner received into the household and kindly cares of the Countess, than he made off with every bit of her family plate, thus inflicting on her a very serious pecuniary loss, and also a terrible grief and disappointment. The silver was no doubt melted down and sold; for no traces of the theft could ever be discovered.

In these benevolent enterprises, and in a life of the most entire and beneficent self-sacrifice, the childless woman has grown to her present advanced age, having spent almost all her fortune, and being reduced to a slight income for her remaining days. She dresses with the utmost plainness, and goes about on foot in the worst weather. She is very active, in spite of natural decay, and the most tremendous talker, in spite of the loss of all her teeth. Notwithstanding her comparative poverty, she has her pockets always full of little presents, sugar-plums for children, lumps of rosin or new strings for the musicians, something or other for everybody. She also manages to maintain an old creature, nearly as aged as herself, who was her "companion" in her brighter days, and has stuck to her faithfully through the darker ones she has brought on herself by her excessive and imprudent generosity. This lady generally makes more attempt at dress than the Countess; and puts so many bits of rubbishy flowers and ribbons into her bonnet, so many shreds of yellow and tattered old lace (that was valuable ages ago!) all about her withered old person, that it is as much as one can do to look at her without a smile.

The Countess being music-mad, never misses one of the concerts in question. For the eighteen years that they have been held, she certainly has not been absent half-a-dozen times. She is now, indeed, looked upon as one of the pillars of the affair; and two seats on the best sofa in the principal saloon are always reserved for her and her *suivante*. When the music is to her mind, as it generally is, she cannot sit still, so excited and delighted is she; but keeps time with hand, foot or head—often with all three together—and wears a perpetual smile, varied with exclamations of delighted approbation. But when, on rare occasions, some new thing is given, less to her satisfaction than the classic compositions which compose the ordinary bill of fare, she fidgets, frowns, turns her back upon the musicians, utters tolerably audible "pshaws" and "pishes," and imparts her judgment on its close to the musicians (with whom she is on the best possible terms) with much more frankness than courtesy.

She is really very kind-hearted; but the least in the world of a busy-body, partly from the habit of trying to help everybody. She likes to know all that is going on; and makes no scruple of questioning you about your avocations, and suggesting whatever ideas may come into her head about your doings. Having a favorite nephew who has emigrated to the United States in search of fortune, and who is succeeding very well in his new home, she has taken your country into affection, and your humble servant also, from the fact that I write for your journal. Thus she likes me occasionally to read a page or two from the "Saturday Evening Post," and seldom fails to inquire what topics may be going into my "next letter" for your paper.

"Come and lunch with me to-morrow," said the old Countess to me yesterday; "I shall have a number of young friends to greet the New Year; and as I will let you off early in the afternoon, you will not need to sacrifice the evening."

"Many thanks, Madame la Comtesse," I replied; "I should be delighted to be of your party, but you know that Thursday is always a busy day with me. I must see you at another time."

"Ah, true! I forgot that it is your American post-day. How vexatious. Well, let me see you some day soon, and bring some of your American papers with you. You did not finish the account of the Mormons you began to translate for me, and I want to know what the ridiculous creatures are up to just now. By-the-way," she continued, with her usual volubility, "what are you going to put into your letter to-morrow?"

"Why, there's the official announcement of the Supplementary Congress to be opened the day after to-morrow; the prospect of a peaceful settlement of the Neufchatel affair; the wonderful mechanical toys at Giroux's, the new *parlor* balloons, those pretty things you see in the streets, looking like pink soap bubbles, a foot in diameter, full of gas, and kept down by a string in the hands of their lucky little possessors. A friend of mine bought one yesterday of a pedlar on the Boulevart Italien, meaning it as a New Year's gift for the child of a friend of his. He thought he had it firmly by the string, and was making off, quite pleased with his purchase, when the string slipped through his fingers, and the beautiful shining ball rose lightly and gracefully upwards, and disappeared in the superior regions of the atmosphere, to the great amusement and gratification of everybody on the Boulevart, all of whom, of course, at once stood still to watch the flight of the runaway toy among the chimney-tops."

"I hope your friend bought another, and held it fast *that* time!" interposed Madame de A———.

"He did so; and to-morrow the pretty little curly pate for whom it is destined will be in raptures with her treasure. These ball-balloons, you know, are the rage, just now, among the children. Then there's the catastrophe of the lap-dog that spoiled the dress of the heroine in the private theatricals at Madame L———'s the other night, just as the said heroine was going on the stage, and the agony they were all in, and how she was obliged, after a short delay, to appear in a dress lent for the occasion, and not at all appropriate, and how the young gentleman, who was to be a shepherd in the same play, was so much delighted with the good temper displayed by the heroine under this terrible affliction, that he offered her his hand and fortune in the course of the evening; and how, the latter being very considerable, the gossips have set down the match as certain. Then there's the Review, and the Opera Ball, and the Fairy pieces, and the witty Theatrical Reviews, at the theatres, and the beautiful compliment paid in one of them, (at the Gymnase) to Lamartine, and the still more beautiful way in which it was received by the public, everybody spontaneously rising, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, the gentlemen their hats, and all clapping their hands and giving utterance to the nearest approach a French public can make to a cheer. And the project for making the public pay to enter the Bois de Bologne, and the other project of beautifying the hillock of Montmartre, with its immemorial windmills surrounding the gay city, and concerting said hillock into a public promenade."

"I hope they won't make *that* a paying promenade!" interrupted the Countess.

"I hope not. And there's the new chemical matches of amorphous phosphorus, equally innocuous to the work-people who make, and the public who use them; and the new troubles about aluminum, the new pet metal that was to do such wonders, and that is playing such pranks, spoons of which are becoming black in certain liquids, green in others, and melting away bodily in a third, the hopes of its friends disappearing in company with the spoons. And there's the story of Mlle. de R——— and her invisible adorer, and the bouquets that are always coming to her from nobody knows where; and the—"

"Sapresti!" cried the old lady—she likes to come out with a *strong* word now and then—and putting her fingers in her ears, "why, your readers will never get half through your letter. For mercy's sake don't say another word! Besides, I have a story that I want you to tell them; very pretty, I promise you, and what's more, *quite true*. For it happened to some ancestors of mine, on my mother's side, (my poor, dear mother!) she's dead long ago, but what a beautiful creature she was, to be sure! It's about a tulip—the story, I mean. Ah, what a beauty! it ran in the family. My mother it is I'm speaking of; not the tulip. Though I may say that the tulip ran in it also, for she was of a family of Amsterdam, that has always been famous for its specimens of the rare tulip in question. Come and dine with me the first day you can give me, and I will tell you the story just as our family annals have preserved it; and if you think it will amuse your readers, you may put it into your next letter."

With this, the old lady, closely followed by her inseparable companion, trotted briskly out of the room, her high-heeled shoes striking sharply on the polished floors as she made her exit, and took her way down stairs.

I shall, of course, do honor, in the course of a day or two, to her invitation, and if the family legend she offers me should be worth the taking down, your readers shall have the full benefit of the windfall.

QUANTUM.

☞ ROGUERY OF A CHINAMAN.—A shopkeeper employed a Chinese to paint him a sign, in Chinese characters, for a shop at the diggings. When the sign was put up, the shopkeeper patiently awaited for the expected influx of the relations of the sun and moon. To his surprise, however, although many approached the placard and read it, all, without exception, passed by with broad grins on their face. Suspecting that all was not right, he took down the mysterious sign, and availed himself of the first opportunity of trying to obtain a translation. This he found a difficulty in getting, every Chinaman to whom he showed it refusing to satisfy him, and merely answering with a grin. At length, by the offer of a bribe, he arrived at the secret. The enticing advertisement, on being rendered into English, was, as nearly as possible, as follows:—"Don't buy anything here; storekeeper a horrid rogue."

☞ A daughter of Sydney Smith, not long since, invested $30,000 in Pennsylvania Bonds—the same stock her father so bitterly denounced—in preference to an investment in any other class of securities.

☞ "How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to a drowsy audience, "whilst that poor idiot," pointing to an idiot who stood staring at him, "is awake and attentive." "Perhaps," said the fool, "I would have been asleep, too, if I had not been an idiot."

☞ BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The attention of a little girl being called to a rose bush, on whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened to kiss their mother before she died."

NEWS ITEMS.

A MERCANTILE house at St. Louis, lately received a letter enclosing one thousand dollars, without signature or date, with this simple remark:—"This belongs to you. Conscience."

CONSUMPTION IN BOSTON.—Seven hundred and sixty persons died in Boston of consumption, in 1856, being about one-sixth of the whole mortality. Four hundred and five were females.

THE VOTE for United States Senator in the Iowa Legislature stood 68 for Harlan (Republican), to 35 for his competitor. Harlan is thus re-elected.

EDITOR OF THE OFFICIAL ORGAN.—The Washington Union formally announces that after the 4th of March, the Honorable John Appleton will become sole editor and proprietor of that paper.

THE RASCALS of New York have taken to bagging their victims. On Thursday night, 15th inst., two of them drew a bag over the head of Thomas Hanna, hauled him into a cellar on the corner of Irving Place and Eighteenth Street, and robbed him.

INDIANS BECOMING CIVILISED.—Twenty-five Dakota families, living at Hazlewood, some forty miles above Fort Ridgeley, Minnesota, have renounced their tribal character, donned civilized dress, and formed themselves into a sort of Republic, with a written Constitution, President, &c. They are intelligent and industrious, and have wheat and corn to sell.

FIVE noblemen, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyll, Athol, Sutherland, and Buccleuch, are said to own one-fourth of the land in all Scotland.

THERE is, says the Alexandria, Virginia, Gazette, a colored child in Prince George County, a few miles below this city, aged three months, that has already six perfect teeth, and can talk quite plainly. The child was born with two teeth.

THE City Council of Cincinnati have appointed a committee to purchase half a million bushels of coal, to be shipped by railroad to that city, and sold in small quantities for family use at cost.

The New Orleans Creole says, Miss McDuffie, of South Carolina, John Van Buren's bride elect has sold her negroes at an average price of $700, preparing herself for companionship with a free-soiler.

AN entirely new route over which a journey from the Carson Valley to Salt Lake was made in only seventeen days, has just been discovered. The distance is said to be three hundred miles shorter than any route previously discovered.

THE New England Pin Company, of Winsted, Connecticut, have just started a new machine for sewing pins upon papers. It selects the little indispensables from a pile and stretches them in a continuous row upon narrow strips of paper, at the rate of three hundred per minute.

A ROCKING STONE.—Some gentlemen recently exploring in the neighborhood of the Chawica lime quarries, in Alabama, found a rock of some hundred tons weight, so nicely balanced that it could be moved by the hand of a child, although no practicable force could be imagined which would throw it from its base. Its motion was about six inches of space.

THE sailor belonging to the British steamship Tay, who was washed ashore when that steamship was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico, has arrived at Tampico. A live fowl was washed ashore from the wreck. The man chased the bird and ate it. This was all that he had to support himself for nearly three days. When nearly starved to death, two Mexicans found him, took him to their homes, and by great care and kindness restored him to health.

TO ASCERTAIN the length of the day and night, any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day.

SERMONS ON DUELLING.—The Southern Baptist states that the pastors of all the churches in Charleston, S. C., of all denominations, agreed to preach on duelling in their respective pulpits on a recent Sabbath morning.

A COMPLIMENT.—The London Star, December 16th, says:—"The Yankees are eminently a practical people; they do not dream of quarrelling among themselves or with us; and no people do a generous act more gracefully. When Ireland was in misery, the American people sent to that then unhappy country something more than sympathy."

THE DUTY ON SUGAR.—A late letter from Havana, Cuba, says that if a reduction of the sugar duties is resolved upon by the U. S. Government, the authorities of that island will probably return the compliment by reducing the heavy duties imposed there upon flour, the growth of the United States.

YOUNG CHARTER OAKS.—The Intelligencer says a citizen of Washington has now six young oaks growing, produced from acorns taken from the old Charter Oak. The acorns were sent to him at his request by the late venerable Judge Williams, of Connecticut.

MR. BANCROFT is said to have realized fifty thousand dollars by his History of the United States.

DAOUD, THE LITTLE.

In the beautiful city of Damascus, there once lived a robe-maker of the name of Selim. He kept a splendid Bazaar in one of the principal streets, and employed a great many hands. Among these were two youths named respectively, Daoud and Youssef. They were good workmen, but differed much in appearance and disposition. Daoud was quiet and modest, but Youssef was a knave up to anything; and when once the labors of the day were over, he was always ready for mischief.

Nothing, however, delighted him more than to gather round him an assembly of his fellow workmen, and to relate to them an incredible number of tricks and impositions which he had played off upon his former masters, or people with whom he had been acquainted.

He was fond, too, of raising a laugh at poor honest Daoud's expense, and holding him up to the ridicule of his companions. "There's poor little Daoud," he would say, "sitting on his shop board, working away with his needle; slaving and toiling, and seeing nothing that is joyous but in gusset and seam! Why, I don't think he has ever been outside the city gates in all his life? Doubtless, he knows as much of the world as the fly did that sat on the axle-tree of the carriage, and shouted out to his companions when he returned home from a journey—'My stars! when we put on two horses how we did whizz! and when we had four, how we did fly!'"

At this sally there was sure to be a laugh at Daoud's expense, and the little fellow would draw in his head, and seem for a time smaller than ever; *seem* we say, for he was not quite so simple as Youssef and his companions thought him. Besides, whatever peccadilloes he had been in the habit of committing, he had not acquired the reputation of a knave, and that was some advantage in a city like Damascus, the Beautiful. At length, a terrible thing happened; Selim the robe-maker, who had for a long time been borrowing money at an exorbitant interest of those Giaours, the Jews, became bankrupt, and his creditors seized on all his stock, and sold off every stick!

What a variety of rich stuffs, cloths of gold, silver-laced tunics, and trowsers slashed with scarlet filigree work, there were to be disposed of! However, everything was cleared off, and all the workmen turned adrift to shift for themselves, and to get masters where best they could.

"I don't care so much for myself, my hands can always feed my mouth," said Youssef, with a mock pity, "but poor little Daoud! what will become of him! he must starve! However, poor fellow, it won't cost much to bury him, and after he has wasted away a little more, we can stow him away into some rat's hole."

Daoud heard what his former comrade said, shrugged up his shoulders, and made no reply—in fact, he was much obliged to Youssef for alluding to the rat's hole. It gave him a hint. The fact was, he was not so badly off as Youssef imagined, for whilst the latter and his companions had spent all they received as fast as they earned it, he had saved up fifty good, bright sequins in a leather bag against a rainy day. Now it sorely puzzled him what to do with this treasure? It was too small a sum to set up in business with, and as for putting it out to interest, there was a kind of panic in the money market at that moment, and he did not know whom to trust, so he thought he would for once just take Youssef's advice, and stow away, not himself but his better half, his leathern purse of sequins into some secure rat's hole. However, he thought he would wait a day or two, and look about him.

Meanwhile, things did not go on so well with Youssef as he had expected. Trade was bad; more failures succeeded that of Selim's, owing to the Jews or to the Giaours, or to a great comet, which at that moment was in sight, and the streets were thronged with groups of discontented workmen out of employ.

Youssef himself grew thin, and often went to bed without a supper; nay he could scarcely procure a copper for a few handfuls of spoiled rice; on the contrary, Daoud grew quite fat, for he had no work now to harass him, and though he had diminished his store by a few sequins, the bag was tolerably full as yet. It was a mystery indeed to Youssef how his friend kept up his fat; so he determined to watch his proceedings. There was a ruined mosque near the city, and one evening as Youssef in a very melancholy mood was pacing among its crumbling columns and grass grown pavements, he saw, by the light of the moon, which suddenly emerged from a cloud, a man crouching down and apparently hiding something in a hole in one of the walls among the ivy.

How like to Daoud it was! he thought. Yet what could he be doing there? Youssef was about to call out to him, when second thoughts restrained him, and he quickly stepped aside behind an old buttress, and concealed himself until his former fellow shopman had left the spot. Then out he crept, and approaching the place where he had seen Daoud, stooped under the wall, and groping about for a little time beneath the ivy, at last put his hand down a rat's hole.

In a moment, he felt something like a string, and then the top of a purse. Drawing it up and taking it to the light, he found, to his great delight that it was a money bag, containing forty-five sequins.

Where could little Daoud have got all this treasure? Had he turned robber, or had he stumbled upon some lucky adventure like those recorded in the Legends of the East, which enriched the porters, calenders, one eyed shoemakers, and hunched-backed tailors of the days of the renowned Aaron, the Just? What a fool he had been all his life to despise the friendship of such a genius as little Daoud! Forty-five sequins! why all his tricks and knavery had never acquired him half so many!

However, perhaps he might induce him to take him into partnership, that is, if he did not find out who robbed him? So Youssef going stealthily home by a round about way, arrived near midnight at his lodgings, and hid the bag of sequins in a hole in the chimney.

Youssef remained within doors all the next day; in fact, he felt rather nervous, and not quite the thing, and although Daoud was a little insignificant looking fellow, and he had hitherto despised him, somehow or other he did not quite like to encounter him, especially should he meet him just smarting under the loss of the sequins. As he prepared, however, to go out towards nightfall, and was just thinking of opening the bag, and taking out a sequin or two to make a jovial night of it, with some of his boon companions, he heard a tap at his door, which rather startled him.

"Come in," he said, and in came Daoud. The little fellow's appearance was not at all what he expected it would be. He was smirking and smiling, and apparently in a very good humor.

"I will take a seat, my dear Youssef," he said, squatting down on an old cushion on the floor, "for I want your advice, and as a friend whom I have known for a great many years, I feel you are a person on whom I can thoroughly rely."

Youssef nodded, but wondering what all this could mean, said nothing.

"The fact is you must know," said Daoud, laughing, "I have been rather a penurious fellow, a little miserly, if you like to call it so, and when you and two or three jolly fellows took the world easily, and very properly enjoyed it, I thought of nothing but of scraping piastre upon piastre, until they became sequins, as I do now of converting my sequins into pieces of gold."

"His sequins!" thought Youssef, "I wish he may get them!"

"So I got together between forty and fifty of these little bits—well, then came this affair with the Jews—I mean my master's bankruptcy, and our being turned adrift, and then commenced my troubles; what to do with these sequins I did not know; how to turn them to account, or to what good purpose to apply them.

"You know, I was always considered a half-silly fellow, not fit for business, not very bright. Eh, Youssef?"

Youssef nodded.

"Yes, I always thought you rather soft, my dear Daoud; but then, who can help his faculties?"

"True, we can't help our faculties," continued Daoud, "but you can't think how the disposal of this money has bothered me. Well, I had just settled it all in my own mind, and had just found out a nice snug place in an ancient ruin near the city—I can't tell you *where*, you know?" said Daoud, with a cunning wink. "Nay, I had even carried my treasure there, last night, and thought how very snugly it would rest, and I should be quite easy, when lo! into my room walks a notary this morning, and presents me with a bag containing one hundred sequins, being the bequest of some ancient relative whose affairs he had been called in to settle! Was there ever such an unlucky dog? My troubles were renewed; however, for the present, I can stow this treasure where I put the last, and I shall make a point of going to the ruin the first thing to-morrow for that purpose.

"Yet this system can't last forever, so I have been considering that, as you are a clever fellow, and every one thinks you are sure to do well, if you but once got into a decent business, cannot you take care of the one hundred and forty-five sequins for me?"

"I will certainly try to do so," said Youssef, "although it is a great responsibility, and when one does a favor, we always find people ungrateful."

"That shall never be the case with me. In three days I will be here with the notary to draw up a bit of an agreement as regards interest, you know, and at the same time, I will bring you the whole of the money. Good-bye, for the present, dear Youssef."

"Good-bye," said Youssef; "let me open the door for you, my friend."

"Oh, don't give yourself that trouble," said the happy little Daoud, and away he ran.

"I will go to the ruin and instantly replace the forty-five sequins before he discovers his loss," said Youssef, "and then I will warrant I'll find means to appropriate the whole of his capital without any conditions, or the aid of his notary."

So saying, as soon as it was dark, he crept out, as he thought, unperceived, and deposited Daoud's little treasure in the very place whence he had purloined it.

Impatiently he waited for the next day. At length, when some hours had elapsed after the time at which Daoud was to have made his second deposit, he again stole to the ruin. But what was his astonishment and rage to find, that instead of the heavy bag, as he expected, of one hundred sequins, the little leathern purse was also gone. Nothing there, nothing, only a little strip of paper:

"Daoud the Small has outwitted Youssef the Wise."

Youssef stamped and raved, and even rolled on the ground, in the frenzy of his passion and disappointment. All was to no purpose. Nor did he ever see anything of the notary, or the sequins, nor the condition as promised, nor of Daoud himself—the latter had left Damascus!

The fact is, no sooner had the little man on the first occasion deposited the bag containing his hard won savings in the rat's hole, than he heard a slight noise, and turning round, caught a glimpse of Youssef before the latter had time to conceal himself. Daoud, however, did not suspect that he had been himself observed and watched, not indeed until the next day, when, having occasion to go to his store sooner than he expected, for another sequin or two, he discovered that he had been robbed.

His suspicions at once fell upon Youssef.—Nevertheless, he had no proofs of his dishonesty; and he knew he was far too cunning to be detected with the property. At first, he considered all was irretrievably lost, until bethinking that the thief might be induced to replace the treasure if he knew it was not missed, in order to grasp an increased sum, he set his wits to work and conjured up the ghost of a deceased relative, and invoked a mythical notary to his aid! Having recovered his treasure, he lost no time in taking his departure from Damascus, verily believing that if he remained, Youssef would be certain to adopt some means of repossessing himself of his treasure. It may be readily credited that Youssef was not the man to make his way in the world by honest means, although people possessing certain qualifications, such as he was endowed with, do, for a time, seemingly prosper.

At length, his dishonest practices made even Damascus too hot to hold him, and he was obliged to have recourse to a precipitous flight, to escape the Cadi and his subordinates.

He wandered about for some months, picking up a precarious livelihood, and at last found himself at Bassora. Here he stumbled on a piece of luck. He happened to attract the attention of the ruling Pacha, as he one day came to the assistance of his attendants in catching a favorite mule belonging to that prince, which had broken away from its conductor.

Being of a good figure and of an easy carriage, and possessing a somewhat bold and dashing air, with plenty of assurance, Youssef's promotion was rapid, and he speedily rose to the high position of Hajeeb or Doorkeeper to the Hall of Audience, where the Pacha held his morning levees.

Had Youssef been able to restrain his dishonest propensities, he might perhaps have advanced even higher in the favor of his employer, but it was doomed to be otherwise.

He quickly commenced to levy all manner of exactions upon the petitioners who came to obtain an audience of the Pacha, and those who applied empty-handed, or omitted to fee the Chamberlain, as he arrogantly called himself, were either kept waiting for hours without obtaining admission, or were dismissed with the assurance that the Pacha was too much indisposed to attend to their particular concerns.

It happened one day that the Lady Aimee, a Sultan's daughter, and a favorite of the Pacha—Aimee, who was as beautiful as the young moon on a summer's night, whose cheek bore a hue softer than that of the pomegranate, when its first roseate tint is awakened by the sun, and whose voice was more melodious than that of the Bulbul, when he sings to the rose in the gardens of Cashmere—Aimee, taking a little winged favorite from its cage, that she might smooth its plumage and allow it to peck the cherries of her lips, permitted, all inconsiderately, her pet bird to fly around the apartment, whence it unluckily escaped through the latticed window, which, all unknown to its mistress, stood partly open.

Great, nay, almost immoderate, was the grief of Aimee at her loss, for the bird was one of those rare and beautiful goldfinches of Tonquin, a variety whose voice exceeds in melody even that of the nightingale, and the colors of whose plumage, when at rest, are surpassingly splendid.

The bird was seen to take flight to a neighboring wood; scouts were sent off in every direction to endeavor to recover it; nay, the Pacha himself proclaimed that any one restoring it to its owner should be amply rewarded.

All was in vain; the bird was given up as lost, and the Favorite of the Harem was inconsolable.

Youssef had, among others, made search for the truant bird; not very zealously, certainly, for he speedily discovered that any great exertion did not suit his constitution. Besides, he tore the lace from his embroidered robe, and lost one of his sandals in a quagmire. Great, then, was his surprise one morning to observe at the farther end of the ante-chamber among the crowd of applicants waiting for an audience, a little shabby looking man, bearing the Lady Aimee's Tonquin goldfinch upon his wrist.

He knew it immediately, for it still bore part of the dainty silver chain with which it had flown away, besides, there was no such bird in the neighborhood, and he had more than once seen the Favorite, cloaked and muffled up certainly, yet bearing in her hand her beloved bird, as she left the Harem to proceed to the private garden of the palace to enjoy the cool of the summer evenings, and the perfume of the flowers. But could it be Daoud, little Daoud ben Hassan, who was the fortunate finder of the goldfinch? Indeed it was! His old friend and fellow-workman had heard of the Lady Aimee's loss, and setting his wits to work had, after some trouble and delay, discovered her bird, and succeeded in recovering it.

He now came to claim the recompense offered by the Pacha—Youssef, however, determined not to recognize him, and to pay off, if possible, the old score he had against him, in the matter of the sequins. At length, after a time, Daoud approached the entrance door. The ante chamber was nearly cleared, and the time was fast approaching when the Pacha closed his audience-room. Daoud knew this, and so did Youssef—no one better. He kept surveying the little man, slyly, out of the corner of his eyes, and from underneath his massive turban. He was so disguised and changed in appearance by his new and rich attire, that he doubted not but that he was quite unknown to his old friend and fellow-workman.

However, the shrewdest people are sometimes mistaken.

"What now, fellow?" said Youssef. "The Pacha is about to retire; thou can'st have no audience to-day; to-morrow or next week."

"Very well, your excellence; only, as I have been fortunate enough to find the Tonquin goldfinch of our Lady Aimee, should his Highness hear of the delay, he might perhaps blame one or both of us, and the consequences would not be quite so pleasant as we might wish them to be."

"Blame indeed, why what a knave art thou to talk? who knows but that thou hast stolen the very bird, and a few stripes of the bastinado—"

"Nay, nay, friend Youssef," said Daoud, approaching the Pacha's new doorkeeper, and very unceremoniously standing on tiptoe in order to look into his very eyes, "this is a little too hard; thou standest wilfully in thine own light; I have the means, poor as I seem to be, of informing the Pacha of my good fortune in recovering the pet bird of the Lady Aimee, and not only thy place, but thine ears, nay perhaps thy very head were not worth thee many hours' purchase, if it be known that thou alone preventedst the restoration of the Tonquin goldfinch."

"By Eblis! he recognises me," thought Youssef to himself. "Nay, what he says is true enough; but I will be even with him!"

"Friend Daoud," he resumed after a pause, "for such in spite of thy many deceitful practices I am still resolved to consider thee, thou art unlucky in calling at this time. The Pacha is immediately about to depart on a great hunting match for a distant part of his province, where forgetting alike the Lady Aimee and the Tonquin sparrow—"

"Goldfinch," said Daoud.

"Well, goldfinch—thou may'st never have another opportunity of seeing him—nay, I know not but that his anger will be mightily raised against me for the present intrusion, for it is already past the time at which he expressed his intention of denying audience to petitioners. However, to cut the matter short, I will instantly obtain thee admission, if thou wilt swear by the Prophet that I shall receive half thy reward!"

"Half the reward!" exclaimed Daoud in astonishment, "why, what hast thou done for it? Surely this is most unreasonable?"

"Not at all," said Youssef, "I receive no other recompense but what fees I can obtain from visitors like thyself. And rather than admit thee without such pledge and promise I will submit to be sent to the quarries of the Crimea for life! Besides, friend Daoud, if thou taxest thy conscience a little, thou wilt remember, I owe thee a turn?—"

"Oh, aye, I remember—the sequins and the rat's hole in the ruins? Certainly, friend Youssef, I disappointed thee a little upon that occasion. Well, then, as time is precious, and I am something in thy debt, I swear thou shalt receive half of whatever recompense His Highness may decree to me—"

"Done!" said Youssef. "Go in, and may Allah soften His Highness' heart, and make him bountiful to his servants!"

Daoud of course now obtained admission. The Pacha who was about to break up a sitting of more than usual duration, turned round somewhat impatiently to scrutinise the new claimant upon his attention. Instantly, however, his countenance became radiant with pleasure. The little bird, with its chain of gold attached to the wrist of the meanly clad wayfarer, seemed to proclaim at once its own tale of recovery. He listened too to David's account of the finding of the lost favorite with pleasure, and as he concluded called upon him to name his reward.

"Twenty stripes of the bastinado—"

"What!" cried the Pacha, "art thou jesting?"

"No, indeed, your Highness," said Daoud with a low salaam, "I was never more serious."

"Thou can't not mean it! Ho, there! Seyd!" said the Pacha, turning to his purse bearer, "give this merry fellow, twenty sequins, and let him depart—"

"Nay, indeed," replied Daoud, "I must claim thy promise, twenty stripes—"

"So thou art crazed? Yet as thou wilt, some men indeed entertain strange fancies. Thou wouldst perhaps avoid provoking the jealousy of other seekers after the bird who were less fortunate, and a poor man like thyself might provoke enemies which the rich and powerful could brave with impunity?"

"Poor I am," said Daoud, "yet most noble chief, no man has had to encounter more envy or evil fortune: nay, I have stood this very day from early daybreak long past the hour of noon, seeking admittance to thy presence, and only at last obtained it to restore the lost goldfinch of the Lady Aimee upon a promise to thy chamberlain, the Lord Youssef, without a surname, that I would share whatever thou should'st award me, in equal proportions with himself."

"Ho! ho!" cried the Pacha to an attendant, "call in Youssef instantly, and fetch the executioner, thou shalt see that we intend not to cheat him of his share of the recompense; he shall be paid in ready money, for thy own part thou mayst perhaps afford us a little credit—"

Youssef was admitted—ten minutes afterwards, sore and buffeted, with his rich gown torn from his back, his turban rent into shreds, he was thrust out of the palace gates into the street, and limping away was glad to hide his discomfiture in some obscure retreat of the wretched and the outcast. Deep indeed were his vows of revenge against Daoud, the more determined and desperate, since this was the second occasion on which he had been outwitted by his simple-minded fellow workman.

"The world is very beautiful and full of a sweet variety; morally as well as physically, one bucket falls as another rises, but it is not always the lighter that ascends, nor do the good prosper as they ought to do." So mused Daoud the Little, a few months after the incidents we have just detailed, when he found honesty had not obtained its just reward, and that he was constrained to leave Bassora, and seek elsewhere for employment.

"A bird in the hand," had scarcely proved "worth two in a bush," he thought, unless the gratification received from the just punishment of Youssef's knavery could counterbalance the trouble and subsequent disappointment he had to endure, when he found no substantial advantages arising from his recovery of the Tonquin goldfinch of the favorite Aimee. He wandered for many leagues; and taking a northern direction, suffered great privations, until after visiting several towns and villages, he arrived at length at Mosul; and was constrained to accept employment in the repairs of a causeway of one of the principal suburbs of that city. Here he toiled; going backwards and forwards daily from the city to the place of his labors.

Youssef, after his bastinadoing, made no delay in quitting Bassora. He was perfectly aware that the world was not so narrow, but that he might be able to conceal for a time his evil reputation; and as he held the opinion that some hundreds of fools are born every day, he specially hoped that he might yet light upon one of them, whom he might for a time victimize.

"Mankind is like the vegetable world after all," said Youssef. "There are your plants that grow on earth, and those that float on the water; others that live on air with nothing to cling to but the barren rock. There are also your parasitical plants, over which Providence has a special care; plants that live on other plants, sucking their juices, exhausting their vigor, even until they die. Yes, and of such a species am I, I truly believe, in the natural order of society!"

Recruiting his invention with reflections of this sort, Youssef levelled his exactions wherever he could. He led for some time a roving, scrambling life, not being able to fix himself for a while into any congenial soil.

One time he assumed the habit of a Dervish, levying contributions from the pious: on another occasion, he assumed the habit and practiced the austerities of a Faquir.

The latter profession, however, he soon abandoned, for although he possessed hypocrisy and cunning enough to qualify a whole college of these enthusiasts, he soon found that the starvation and torture system, even on the most liberal scale, by no means suited his constitution. He then became for a brief period a mughrebi, or magician, and would sit in corners of the public places, with a collection of strangely inscribed slips of writing before him, from which he cast omens for all who sought his aid. However, he obtained but a precarious living in any of these pursuits. At length the lucky moment came.

Great disturbances he heard had broken out at Mosul on account of the exactions of the Pacha—nay, it was asserted that one portion of the city was in the hands of the rioters, and given up to plunder by slaves, and the lowest of the populace. Youssef hastened thither, and joined the insurgents; but as soon as he heard of the approach of the Pacha with additional forces, he betrayed his comrades, and by admitting the soldiers through a postern gate which was confined to his special charge, he secured the triumph of the government party, a success which was bought with the slaughter and proscription of a vast many of the inhabitants.

Youssef was not without reward, and although no rich merchant or prosperous bazaar-keeper was assigned him as his share of the booty, and from whom at least he might extort a subsidy, he was at once promoted to a high station in the Pacha's household, and before six months had elapsed, became that officer's master of the horse.

It was not long before his old propensities broke out with renewed violence. Lucrative as his situation was, he thought it his duty to increase, like his superiors, the perquisites of his place by plunder; and very soon every client that approached, or every individual that he could influence, was alike subject to his exactions, his threats, or his cajolery.

One peculiar passion, however, he entertained—no length of time could diminish, no prosperity weaken his hatred of Daoud the Little, and his determination to be avenged upon him.

He had caught sight of him one day as he was engaged in his labor on the causeway, and the humble but apparently contented aspect of his former companion seemed to cast a reflection that darkened all his own prosperity, and sent a cold pang of hatred to his heart.

How to consummate the ruin and death of Daoud was the leading thought in his heart.—Soon, however, had he to tremble for himself.—One day as he was about to mount at the head of a numerous cavalcade, prepared to accompany Mustapha Pacha in one of his official visitations into a neighboring district, the Pacha suddenly accosting him in a voice of thunder, bade him retire to the rear of the procession, and at peril of his head beware how he encountered his glance again during that day!

From the menacing tone of his master, and his consciousness what such threats prognosticated, Youssef was not satisfied with hanging in the rear of the cavalcade, but soon found an opportunity of making a precipitate retreat.

His first impulse was to try the speed of his horse in a direction as opposite as possible to that in which the Pacha had taken, and so leave Mosul altogether, or at least until the Pacha himself had felt some of the usual vicissitudes of life, and a successor ruled in his stead. The second reflection assured him that as the Pacha would necessarily be absent from his palace for some hours, he had at least that period of reprieve, and doubted not but that in the interval something might turn up to his advantage.

Accordingly he returned to his duties as if nothing of an unpleasant nature had occurred. He was not idle, however; his fears stimulated his curiosity, and he soon learnt from a confidant that he had that morning been denounced to the Pacha for his cupidity and extortion; and that his ruin, if not his death was resolved upon. It was even worse than this, for the Pacha had himself drawn up a written warrant for the immediate application of the bow-string to the unfortunate Youssef.

It was Mustapha's intention to deliver this warrant to the proper officer, but in the hurry of his departure he had thrust the paper into his robe and forgotten it for the moment. The appearance of Youssef, however, among his officers and servants, instantly recalled his resolution. Hence his threatening attitude. He resolved, nevertheless, to delay the execution of his design until the return of the cavalcade to Mosul.

Youssef saw it was necessary to be prompt in action. He swept away all the money that came within his reach; not being very nice, whether it belonged to himself, or to the absent officers of his guard.

As he passed out of the palace, he observed in a corner of the audience-chamber a matchlock, belonging to his master; a weapon made of costly materials, and elaborate for its workmanship and ornaments, a prize indeed in itself worth all the wealth he carried with him. Concealing it, as he thought, in his garments, he departed by a private door, and hurrying off towards one of the city gates, took good care to avoid the one by which he expected the Pacha and his retinue would return.

He entered the causeway, where he beheld poor little Daoud laboring with his usual industry at some piece-work; all his companions having gone to a festival held in one of the squares of the city. Hiding up the matchlock closer than ever, he approached Daoud, and entered into conversation with him; more out of curiosity to see if he was recognized in his altered appearance and costume, than from any consideration he bore to his present condition.

Daoud appeared to have no knowledge of him; so, after bantering the poor laborer upon his wretched appearance, and bidding him hang himself sooner than continue his life in such misery, he withdrew, and creeping stealthily along the causeway, prepared to strike out into the open country.

At this moment he heard the rapid approach of a horseman. Suddenly apprehensive of danger, and thinking, doubtless, that the rider might be some emissary of the Pacha sent to order his arrest, he stopped, and observing by the wayside the low broken wall of a deserted hermitage, he crouched down, and concealed himself behind it.

To his astonishment the rider who approached was no other than Mustapha himself. He recognized the Pacha at once by his splendid robe, and the jeweled ornaments of his plumed turban.

Youssef's eyes flashed fire; he grasped the matchlock, and placed its muzzle through an opening in the old wall. Quick as thought he applied the match, for he had not forgotten to provide himself in that particular. The piece was loaded, but some portion of the powder had fallen out, and the explosion was slight. A puff of white smoke curled through the weeds and brambles that clustered up the wall; but the bullet sped, and went as aimed, true, to the victim's heart. Mustapha clapped his hand upon his sword, and half drew it; then falling over the quarter of his horse, he rolled in a cloud of dust upon the road.

A slight struggle or attempt to rise was manifest, as a low groan escaped his lips, and he stretched out, and was dead! The horse darted off in terror over a low fencing on the other side of the roadway, and galloped towards the open country.

Youssef flung the matchlock behind him into a thicket. He saw no one was in sight, and that the deed apparently was unobserved, for Daoud who was at no great distance off, was concealed by a turning in the road.

Approaching the Pacha, and perceiving that his victim was quite dead, he thrust his hand into his robe. He drew forth a jewelled purse, heavily stored with pieces of gold and a long bit of parchment. There was nothing more: "Thou may'st take this, as thy pass to Eblis!" he cried. It was his own death warrant! and he thrust the paper back into the Pacha's robe, for he did not or could not read it.

"The gold is mine! Shame, however," he exclaimed a moment after, "to leave so rich a prize to thieves and beggars! Ah, I have it; a present for little Daoud! a gift from his old comrade, Youssef, that may make him a head shorter yet! Yes, the Pacha's death will be soon discovered; his attendants will be even now at hand; some culprit must be found, and if found, no inquiry will be made for me. Youssef, the Wise! shall yet outmatch Daoud, the Little."

Dragging off the robe from the murdered man, he hastened from the spot, and in a few minutes approached that part of the causeway, where Daoud still pursued his solitary labor, having determined not to relinquish his task-work until prevented from continuing it by the shades of evening, for he had promised himself a day of rest and recreation on the morrow.

"Here, caitiff! here!" said Youssef, "I was somewhat harsh to thee just now, but as I have vowed this day to do some good deed for many an hour misspent, and the sun even now touches yon distant mountain, I would not be foresworn. Here's a robe which I have even taken from under mine own, not needing such a superfluity; take it, and be thankful to the Prophet who sends thee such a friend!"

Daoud stretched out his hand to receive the gift, for the handsome habiliments in which Youssef was attired, disarmed all suspicion; and he really thought the deed was one of those wayward acts of generosity by which the Faithful occasionally fulfil certain vows to assure their nearer approach to Paradise and the Houris. At the same instant, however, he recognised Youssef and motioned to reject the proffered gift; he was too late; at all events Youssef threw it at his feet and vanished.

The cause was apparent, a troop of advancing horsemen were seen in the distance; before they came up to the spot where he was, Daoud observed that they stopped abruptly in their career, and that immediately afterwards the air was filled with fearful cries and menaces, as those who had dismounted, raised some heavy object from the road.

Startled by a vague but undefined terror, he threw his heavy working tools into a trench, and snatching up the robe, fled towards the city.

A dozen horses instantly pursued him with loud shouts, and more than one ball whistled past his head. He hurled from him the robe which impeded his flight, the sight of which further stimulated the ardor of his pursuers, and in another moment, perhaps luckily indeed, or otherwise a worse fate might have befallen him, Daoud was ridden over by one of the mounted guards.

When he came to his senses, he found himself chained to the wall in an underground cell in the fortress of the palace!

"Truly," he muttered, "Youssef has conquered, he has won the odd trick at last!" and he gave himself up to despair. The game however was not yet played out; there was an ace of trumps as yet to turn up among the cards.

After enduring three days of incarceration, and being almost starved into the bargain, Daoud was released from prison, and dragged up into the open air. The little man verily believed his time was come, and tremblingly looked around for the executioner. Not so—he was to be arraigned before the Cadi, and to have a fair trial; so at least said the new Pacha, who wished to inaugurate his accession to office by an act of justice.

Taken into court his looks already condemned him; so at least it was whispered by all assembled; yet he was surprised to find Youssef a prisoner by his side. The master of the horse had not been so lucky as to effect his escape, for the matchlock having been discovered by some of Mustapha's attendants, and traced to Youssef's possession, the case already looked somewhat black against him. "One thing," as the Cadi observed, "was certain, the assassin stood among them; the only question being which was the man? The instrument of destruction had been purloined by Youssef: the Pacha's cloak of office was found with Daoud."

"It is a question of character," cried Youssef, interrupting the court. "We both assert our innocence; I alone can prove mine: I have witnesses to speak to my uniform good conduct, and to the high estimation in which I have always stood with the Pacha—what possible motive could I have to induce me to destroy my benefactor, one from whom I hoped to receive still further benefits? It is not natural!"

"It is not natural!" murmured the bystanders. The Cadi ordered his officer to check this ebullition of feeling. The officer thrust out an old man next the door, who had not opened his lips, having that moment only entered.

"Has Daoud any witnesses?"

"None!"

"We were sure of it!" cried the bystanders. "Let him die!" He was about to be taken forth to be executed when the Cadi arrested the movements of the officers of the court. He was not satisfied, or he felt that justice required the proceedings to be less summary. He ordered Mustapha's matchlock and robe to be produced. The first article had been traced to Youssef: "The Pacha had given it to him," he said. "How had he disposed of it?" "He had given it to Daoud." This Daoud strenuously denied, and Youssef as strenuously asserted—Youssef was richly dressed, Daoud was dirty, miserable, and in rags, nobody believed Daoud.

"How came the robe in the possession of Daoud?"

"Youssef had given it to him," replied the little man—

"Youssef!" cried the Cadi.

"I!" shouted Youssef. "This, my lord, is but retaliation, because I swore I gave him the matchlock. What on earth should induce me to bestow such a gift on so mean a wretch?"

"What, indeed?" shouted the bystanders, "Away with him!"

At this moment a countryman appeared: he had heard the report of the matchlock: he had seen Youssef run away from behind the wall, and throw something away into the low bushes.

Two of Mustapha's guard stepped forward: they had noticed the threatening aspect directed by the Pacha against his master of the horse; they could also speak to certain peculations committed by Youssef now recently brought to light: and they asserted that the Pacha had resolved to dismiss, if not to punish his unworthy servant.

This Youssef denied: "He never stood higher in his master's esteem than at the time of his death; they were traitors and forsworn!"

"The Pacha but half-an-hour before his death possessed," they said, "a purse heavily loaded with gold pieces: he had drawn it out to dispense a trifling bounty, and was seen to replace it in his robe."

"It is false," cried Youssef, "there was nothing in the robe, but a strip of dirty paper!"

"So you own to it?" exclaimed the Cadi, in astonishment.

"Al il Allah hou!" cried the bystanders.

Youssef was confounded: he endeavored to retract.

"The story of the paper is a fiction," said the Cadi.

"It is not!" shouted Youssef, hardly knowing what he said, "search the pocket."

It was found; Youssef was in exultation: he scarcely knew why; "It is true," he cried.

"A warrant in the Pacha's own hand writing, a warrant for your execution!" said the Cadi.

Youssef's lips turned livid; he endeavored to speak: it was in vain. The Cadi made a sign, the executioner was at hand; the next minute the head of the culprit rolled on the stone flags of the paved court of the justice hall.

Daoud's defence was now credited; besides, two of his fellow workmen before intimidated, came forward in his favor. They had parted from him so recently, fully occupied in his daily toil, that it was scarcely possible he could have had time to have left the spot where he was employed and committed the murder, and returned to his work, unconcerned. Daoud lived to rise by his industry to a happy competence, and to pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity at Mosul.

☞ Every man is the builder of a temple called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood, and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features; any meanness sensuality to imbrute them.—*Thoreau.*

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those tiny hands, that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
Her heart no more will beat,
To feel the touch of that soft palm;
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless him with her holy calm;
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With this calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep;
Alas! too deep, too deep
Is it is, his slumber;
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.

* * * * * * *

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes, watching the ripples play,
Listening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more;
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more;
Oh, stern word, nevermore!

Full short his journey was, no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave:
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither; so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod.
No need to pause and cleanse his feet,
To stand before his God.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

WE ARRIVE AT FOU-CHOW-FOU.

Fou-chow-fou or Fow-chow city, is situated on the right bank of the river Min, and at a distance of thirty-four miles from its mouth. It is about half way between the ports of Hong-Kong and Shanghea, China, and the mouth of the river is in latitude 26 deg. 08 min. N., longitude 149 deg. 42 min. E. It is rapidly becoming the great export point of that vast empire, and as such is well worthy of notice; I shall therefore devote the next few letters to what we of the old John," there saw and did.

We had left Hong-Kong for the more northerly port of Shanghea, and being overtaken by the equinoctial gales, were forced into Fou-chow, partly for shelter, and partly for a supply of wood to take the place of our rapidly disappearing coal. The mid watch of the night previous to our arrival had passed unpleasantly enough, daylight at length came, and showed us the high land of Kliang-shang, which was mistaken that of the Two Dogs, and the ship headed accordingly. A short time sufficed, however, to show us the mistake, for the "Two Dogs" (islands) soon lifted their very undoglike outline above the horizon, and caused us to change our course.

At noon we were standing in for the mouth of the river Min, and as the bearings of the land by which we were running were not to be depended upon, the Captain and Hosgood were both at the mast-head keeping a look-out for danger. In this way we steamed ahead, gradually shoaling our water to fifteen feet, when (as we drew *twelve and a-half*) we began to think that we were getting near enough to the bottom.

We were so totally without sailing directions for this port, that the lead and eye were all we had to depend upon, and so the Captain will be readily excused for running us on shore while steering between two rows of fishermen's sticks, which we naturally concluded to be stakes planted for pointing out the channel. The old John's heavy stern had scarcely passed the first of these, when she thumped lightly, then quite heavily, and finally came to a stand-still in ten feet ten inches water forward, and twelve feet six inches aft. Fortunately the sea was not rough, and she lay quite comfortably. We were towing our consort the schooner at the time, and she drawing much less water than we, sheered by us as we stopped, cast off the towline, and was herself rapidly drifting aground, when she let go her anchor and swung to a one-knot flood tide.

In the meantime our engine had been reversed to try and back off into deep water, but the tide sweeping the towline around the propeller, soon fouled it, and brought the engine also to a stand still. We then let go an anchor, and as it was flood tide, we soon floated and swung to it with our head seaward, when we devoted half-an hour's hard work to clearing the towline, and then steamed out of our unpleasant locality with the schooner again in tow.

Several pilots had boarded us after our mishap, one of whom we retained to take us into port. This he accomplished quite successfully, and anchored us about a mile below the Pagoda of Lo-sing-tah shortly after dark. This latter, the work of unknown ages, and now beginning to succumb to the constant action of old Time's certain power, is the usual anchorage for vessels ascending the river, and is about nine miles nearer the sea than the city. We subsequently found it to be composed of huge blocks of gray granite, which had been laid one upon the other with great evenness, and in a kind of cement which was now outlasting even the rock itself.

It was situated upon a densely wooded point, which there arose some fifty or sixty feet above the water, and caused the river to make quite a sharp turn, and was surrounded by the unpretending hamlets of the lower order of Chinese, who are found totally unable to answer any questions in regard to its origin or antiquity. It was probably as much as one hundred and fifty feet high, was raised upon a square base, which was itself twelve feet high and forty yards around, and commanded quite an extensive view of the surrounding country. It was a square shaft of granite, largest at the bottom and smaller at the top, and possessed an inside winding flight of stone steps, in ascending which we came to doors that opened out upon stone platforms, on which we or three could walk abreast completely round the column. There were some eight or ten of these doors, each of which opened out upon its platform, and as we neared the summit we noticed the signs of decay, which warned us to be careful. Finally the last flight was ascended, and as we found the highest door almost locked up by the disconnected blocks which had eased in from the sides and arch overhead, some of the more sensible of the party objected to the process of *crawling through*, and wisely began to descend. One, however, a brave, sensible fellow, (?) worked his way through with considerable difficulty, fired off a pistol, raised a shout, and doubtless imagined himself a great explorer. The next moment we felt a strange vibration of the solid mass, and heard a singular, grating sound, followed by a dull and heavy fall that made the old pagoda tremble again. Our explorer had found a block of several tons, so insecure in its hold, as to be cast from its position of ages by his single arm, and without a thought as to the probable consequences, had borne his strength against it and precipitated it down upon the unsuspecting base. We felt the jar, *and quickened our descent.*

Then as we entered upon the open air once more, we saw a mass of broken and powdered stone, at which a Chinaman was pointing with an expression of countenance that spoke as plainly as words could have—"I was entirely too near that when it fell—what great fools these barbarians (Americans) are." We gave the fellow a quarter for the fright to which he had been subjected, and returned on board.

As I have already said, it was after dark when we anchored below this pagoda, or we should have gone a few miles nearer the city in spite of the pilot, who for some reason unknown to us, objected to taking the ship any farther up the river. Probably he feared falling into the hands of the authorities, for they are all more or less what are called water thieves; half pirates and half fishermen, they follow either trade as their interests dictate, respect no flag, and are only fishermen during the absence of prey, or in the presence of a superior force. They hover near the mouths of most of the Chinese rivers, and are the terror of all junks. Sometimes they even become so bold as to attack men-of-war, and English men-of-war at that. Generally, however, their attentions are confined to the coasting craft of their own country, and the Pigeon English name of "Water Tief," or "Tief man," is more applicable to them by far, than the more romantic title of Pirate.

Speaking about "Pigeon English," I may as well explain the term.

When the English and ourselves first began to trade with China after the opening of her ports, a singular jargon, compounded of distorted English and Chinese words, began to grow out of the difficulty which the merchants found in making themselves understood, and after a time this singular jargon became called "Pigeon English. I have said that it was a *singularly expressive* language, and now see here a sample of it.

I once asked our Sampan* man, how many children he had? and his reply was that he had six children—three sons and three daughters. Here is the way it all looks in *Pigeon English*.

Query.—How muchy peicy chilo have got?

Ans.—Have got six peicy chilo. Tree peicy bull chilo, tree peicy cow chilo.

Could anything be more expressive than that? As for its refinement, I have nothing to say.

And now before I say anything of our visit to Fou-chow, let me indulge in a few remarks in regard to the manner in which we surprised the Chinamen of that region, by ascending their river against a strong current, and with all our sails furled. We were the first screw steamer that they had ever seen, and it surprised them just as much to see us progressing through the water without any apparent motive power, as it would surprise the people of these United States to see a cart rolling up a hill without any horse to drag it. They knew what steam and side-wheel steamers were well enough, but couldn't at all understand how we got along. Had they even seen any smoke, it might have given them some clue, but then we burnt anthracite coal, which gave no smoke at all, and there again they were puzzled.

It was interesting to see the excited gestures, and to hear the distant hum of the voices of the hundreds and thousands that lined the banks as we passed up against a four knot current. The news seemed to pass through the whole country like wildfire, that something strange and horrible, some unknown monster of the deep was ascending their river, possibly to destroy their city; and they crowded down from village and hamlet, to get a view of the strange sight before it should pass their locality. I don't think that the great sea-serpent, if he (?) were to ascend the Delaware and consent to be "docked," would call a larger or more curious crowd to see him, than did the "old John" as she screwed her laborious way up the unfrequented waters of the Chinese river Min. I hope to devote the next few letters to those curious Chinamen, to that magnificent river, and to that slightly known city of a million souls, which has slumbered from time immemorial upon its highly cultivated banks.

* A boat.

A CHILD'S DEATH.

In some rude spot where vulgar heritage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such!
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much—
Heav'n saw and early marked thee for its own!

R. B. SHERIDAN.

THE MOUTH.—The mouth is symbolical of the sensuous qualities of man. This is its primary signification, especially of its lower part, because it is the head-piece of the digestive organs. It is the gateway of the stomach, that laboratory of nature, to which goes on the process of converting fluids and solids into *man*, mental as well as physical. But the mouth has also a higher meaning. Its upper part is connected with the psychical character, as its lower with the corporeal nature. Hence the upper lip should extend beyond and govern the lower. A short upper lip, deeply hollowed in the middle, tells of wit and liveliness; a fleshy protruding lower lip, of sensuality and indolence. The mouth should be of medium size; when it approaches either extreme it becomes animal in its symbolism. A somewhat large mouth is manly, and denotes energy; one somewhat small is feminine, and a sign of less power. There is the large thirsty mouth of the drunkard and the close, pinched mouth of the miser. There is the scornful mouth, with its lower lip upraised and compressed upon the upper, and the long, swollen upper lip which tells of a rough nature. There are the large, thin, indrawn lips of the *dry*, passionless men of intellect, and the soft and beautifully chiselled, in those of refined sense and poetic nature. There is the repulsive, cavernous hole, indicative of a vile nature, and the rose-bud mouth of beauty and innocence. But character is not always determined by size—it lurks in the corners—in the constant position of the angles which resemble the transient expressions whose meaning is always clear.—*Portland Transcript.*

DOCTOR LIVINGSTON, THE TRAVELLER.

[SEE ARTICLE.]

A SWEDISH TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEBEL.

In Falun, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years or more ago, a young miner kissed his fair bride and said to her:

"On St. Lucia's Day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall be husband and wife, and we will build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art my all in all, and without thee I would choose to be in my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their bans in the church for the second time before St. Lucia's Day, pronounced the words, "If, now, any one can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," Death was at hand. The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window and said, good-morning—but he never returned to bid her good evening. He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embroidered for him on that very morning a black cravat with a red border, for the wedding-day. This she laid carefully away, and never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile, time passed on; the Seven Years' war was fought; the partition of Poland took place; America became free; the French revolution and the long war began; Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen. The husbandman sowed and reaped, the miner ground, and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops. As the miners of Falun, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, a little before or after St. John's Day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full three hundred ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitriol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron-vitriol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered—so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work.

But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances, had been long dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell anything of his misfortune, till she came, who was once the betrothed of that miner who had one day gone to the mine and never returned. Gray and shrivelled, she came to the place bobbling upon a crutch, and recognised her bridegroom, when, more in joyful ecstacy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form. As soon as she had recovered her composure, she exclaimed, "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time he went under the earth, and never returned."

All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and how, after the lapse of fifty years, her youthful love awoke again. But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognise; and she, finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared in the churchyard. The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding-day and not the day of his burial. As they laid him in the grave in the churchyard, she said: "Sleep well now, for a few days, in thy cold bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have now but little more to do, and will come soon, and then it will be day again." As she was going away, she looked back once more and said, "What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

A DIRTY SHILLING.—Bishop Meade, in the Southern Churchman, gives an account of many of the old families of Virginia. Among these he mentions a man named Watkins, of whom the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, left a manuscript notice. A part of that notice is in these words:—"Without shining abilities, or the advantages of an education, by plain, straightforward industry, under the guidance of old fashioned honesty and practical good sense, he accumulated an ample fortune, in which it is firmly believed there was not *one dirty shilling.*" This is very homely Saxon language, but it is full of pith and point. In Randolph's mind there must have been running some faint reminiscence of the apostle's phrase, "filthy lucre," used more than once in his epistles.

WHAT IS IT?

What kept the moss a-growing
Through January's snowing?
It knew—oh, never doubt it!
The blasted tree without it
Would bleaker seem, and older
To summer's new beholder.
So, green through all the snowing,
'Twas love that kept it growing.

What was the water saying,
Beneath that ice-roof playing,
Whereon the sunshine listened,
While underneath it glistened?
"Oh, queenly sun, arisen
To loose me from my prison;
I murmur not for grieving,
I sing, in fact believing!"

What brought the peach-buds swelling
From out their birchen dwelling?
The song of blue-birds won them,
Fresh music, poured upon them,
In bloom is overflowing;
The blush and perfume showing
That life is richer, better,
Joy's never-pardoned debtor.

Oh, loving, soul-fresh faces,
Moss of deserted places—
Oh, voices of the chosen,
Through deadliest cold unfrozen—
Oh, lives with beauty brimming,
Glad in the heavens' near hymning;
Ye know the hidden glory,
Who else may tell that story?

Grow, sing, and bloom undaunted!
A world so shadow-haunted
Needs all your bursting splendor
Soft lights, and murmurs tender.
The human want is pressing,
O'ershadow it with blessing!
Your triumph sure believing,
Till hearts shall hush their grieving!

LUCY LARCOM.

THE AUTHOR OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S TRAVELS.—Of all the "household words" familiar to our ears, that literature has given to language, none is more general than that derived from this work, whose real author has lately been discovered.

The Baron's adventures first saw the light anonymously, in a London edition, dated 1785, and proved so popular that the fifth edition appeared three years after, in 1788. Though professing to have a German origin, it was not till 1787 that they came out in that language, under the auspices of the poet, Burger, who has, in consequence, often been taken for their author. It is now known that the real writer was Professor R. E. Raspe, a German literary man, who filled various posts with credit, till he was detected in appropriating to his own use some of the coins, etc., entrusted to his charge as Curator of the Cabinet of Antiquities at Cassel. He fled to England, and there sustained a reputable character as a man of science and literature till his death, in 1794. A dry book or two on Mineralogy, etc., keep his name alive in catalogues, but there must have been a spirit of fun lurking in his "inner life," which, perhaps, was wisely concealed, in deference to his scientific reputation. German research has discovered that there really was some sort of personal foundation for this great work. A Baron Munchausen, of Bodenwerden, near Hawein, on the Weser, actually flourished at the time, and was famous for some little peculiarities reflected in the pages of his namesake's work. He was an old warrior, who had served in his youth in the Russian armies, and passed his latter days upon his property, with a reputation for telling his surprising adventures in a cavalier manner, with a military emphasis, as things that required no explanation or proof.

When Raspe was in London, working for the booksellers, it is likely that the Baron's stories occurred to him as available for a temporary "hit," and he must have been surprised at his own success. By the Germans, "Baron Munchausen" is treated as a classic. The last edition, "*Cum Notis Variorum*," etc., by Ellisen, (Gottingen, 1849,) is the source of the facts given here.

BELIEF.—Whoever thinks worthily of God, is in danger of being styled an atheist, and whoever would frame his will to the rules of the Divine One, a visionary, an enthusiast, or a hypocrite. Fears and formularies, received by men from men, are called religion; belief and trust in Providence, truth, kindness, equity, mere things of this world. Oh! were they so, were they so indeed! then the confines of this world would touch, and almost be confounded with the other; and our hearts and imaginations might every day take exercise and repose there.—*William Penn.*

CURIOUS.—One of the pictures in St. Petersburg represents the interior of a church. Half-shattered on the floor of the church, there lies a large image of a black virgin and child—negro black, with thick lips. How came this, I wonder, into the Græco-Sclavonic archæology?—*F. Sala.*

DOCTOR LIVINGSTON, THE TRAVELLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Dr. Livingston was born in the village of Blantyre, Scotland. He wrought in the mills as a piecer-boy, and, before he left, as a spinner—attending the classes in Glasgow during the winter months, and resuming his work as a spinner in the mills during the summer vacations. He left Blantyre Works in 1840, about the time he was engaged by the London Missionary Society to go out to South Africa, and has only recently returned to England, from his seventeen years' wanderings.

Dr. Livingston is nearly forty years of age;—his face is furrowed through hardships, and is almost black with exposure to a burning sun. He hesitates in speaking, has a peculiar accent, is at a loss sometimes for a word, and the words of his sentences are occasionally inverted. His language is, however, good, and he has an immense fund of most valuable and interesting information, which he communicates most freely. He is in good health and spirits. He has scarcely spoken the English language for the last sixteen years.

The last news that Dr. Livingston heard from Europe, while far away from the coast, was when he was near Loando. He then read of the battle of Balaclava. It was a twelve-month before he heard further news.

The wife of Dr. Livingston is the daughter of Mr. Moffatt, the civilizer of the Bechuana nation. Mr. Moffatt had lost sight of his son-in-law for some time, and attempted to penetrate into the interior to see what was become of him. He failed to reach him, however, but he sent on by friendly tribes a package of books, newspapers, and letters. This package was brought to the southern bank of a river which separated two hostile tribes. Dr. Livingston was then living far to the north of the river. The Southrons called to the Northmen, and told them that they had some property belonging to the Doctor, who was held in great respect by both tribes.—The Northmen refused to cross over for it, saying that the books and papers contained witchcraft-medicine.

"Very well," said the Southrons, "we leave them here, and if they are lost, on your heads the blame will fall." They then retired.

The Northmen thought better of it, crossed over, placed the parcel on an island in the river, and built a hut over it. Twelve months afterwards Dr. Livingston found the parcel there, safe. The Doctor has been struck down by African fever upwards of thirty times. He has constantly slept in the open air, in the most unwholesome climates, and he has travelled over "sands and shores and desert wildernesses," with no earthly defence, he says, save his own right arm, but under the protection of the Almighty.

He found a large portion of the space that is represented by a blank in South African maps, to consist of fertile countries, inhabited by populous tribes, and interspersed by large rivers. He speaks of negro nations in the interior, ruled by politic laws and humane customs, some of which might be copied with advantage by communities of higher pretensions to civilization and refinement. The inhabitants of the interior are kind, especially the women—as Mungo Park has already told us.

The women are held in high estimation, and many of them become chiefs.

If a wife beats her husband—which it seems she sometimes does, thus reversing the customs of more civilized communities!—she is punished by being taken to the market-place, and compelled to take her husband home on her back, amid the cheers of the people. On these occasions the women generally cry out—

"Give it to him again!"

The Bechuanas, who are generally frugal and industrious, do not treat their wives so well. The women, however, are complete mistresses of the house and the produce of the garden. A man dares not enter his wife's hut in her absence.

Many of the tribes Dr. Livingston visited, had never before seen a white man. They all had a religion, believed in an existence after death, worshiped idols, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They consider themselves superior to white men, who cannot speak their language.

Lions are numerous and destructive, because many of the tribes believe that the souls of their chiefs migrate into the bodies of those animals. Therefore, when the natives see a lion they clap their hands to cheer and honor him.

There is quite a scarcity of diseases among them—no consumption, scrofula, hydrophobia, cancer, cholera, small-pox or measles. These, we are left to conclude, are *civilized* distempers. Physicians are not in demand, yet they have rain-doctors, who resort to all sorts of quackery to make the people believe they have power to compel the clouds.

Immediately beyond the Bushmen there is a curious people called Bakoba, who are the Quakers of the body politic in Africa. They never fight, but submit quietly to every tribe which conquers the country adjacent to the river on which they always reside. They say they never fight, because their forefathers tried to do so once with bows made of palma christi, and as they broke, they gave up the practice entirely.

The spirit of trade is strong in the African, and many articles of commerce are abundant, as sarsaparilla, indigo, beeswax, coal, iron and gold. It is most important to observe that the farther Dr. Livingston travelled into the interior of Africa, the more civilized and numerous he found the inhabitants. They were less ferocious and auspicious, had better and more settled forms of government, and more wants than the tribes which lived near the sea coasts. He met with tribes in the interior who practiced inoculation, and knew the medicinal virtues of quinine, although they did not administer it in the concentrated form, as prepared in Europe; and moreover, they had a tradition of Noah's deluge. They traded in ivory and gold, which were sold by one tribe to another until those articles reached Europeans on the coast. The number of large animals of the chase which Dr. Livingston met with between the 6th and 22d degrees of south latitude, was perfectly marvellous. They find their subsistence upon extensive plains of coarse herbage, which, together with the abundant water-melons, enable both man and beast to travel in Africa. Many tracts in that country, however, cannot be traversed, on account of insects that sting beasts of burden to madness.—The Doctor describes the fear of African wild beasts to be much greater in England than in Africa.

☞ MUSICAL.—Being tossed by an infuriated bull, may be called a *quick movement on two horns!*

EAST INDIA JUSTICE.

"From Compoully," wrote Sir John Malcolm to Lady Clive, "I marched to Panwell, a distance of twenty-four miles. When I had proceeded two or three miles, I came up with a small guard of armed men belonging to the Poonah Government, who were carrying a young man with his hands bound, along the road. I asked them who the prisoner was, and where they were going. The commander of the guard said that they were going about a mile further, to a spot where a robbery and murder had recently been committed. 'And when there,' he added, 'I shall cut this man's head off.' 'Is he the murderer?' I asked. 'No,' said the man, 'nor does he, I believe, know anything about it. But he belongs to the country of the Siddee, (pointing to a province in the vicinity which is still held by the descendants of the former Admirals of the Mogul Emperor), from which the murderers, we well know, came; and we have orders, whenever an occurrence of this nature happens, to proceed into that country, and to seize and put to death the first male, who has arrived at years of maturity, that we meet. This youth,' he concluded, 'was taken yesterday, and must suffer to-day.' On my expressing my astonishment and horror at a proceeding, in which the innocent was doomed to suffer for the guilty, he said that that was not his business; he only obeyed orders. 'But,' he continued, 'I believe it is a very good plan. First, because it was adopted by Nanah Furnavese, who was a wise man; and secondly, because I am old enough to recollect when no year ever passed without twenty or thirty murders and robberies on this road; and all by gangs from the Siddees country. Now they are quite rare; not above four or five within these twelve or fifteen years, which is the period this custom has been established.' As we were conversing, we reached the spot fixed for the execution. The guards halted and began to smoke their *hubble-bubbles*, or pipes. The prisoner's hands were untied, and he took a pipe along with them, with much apparent unconcern. Indeed his whole conduct marked indifference to his fate. After he had smoked, his hands were tied behind his back as before; he was taken a few yards from the road, and desired to kneel. The executioner, who stood beside him, grasping a straight two-edged sword with both hands, called out to him, 'Bend your head.'—The man did as desired, and by a most dexterous blow it was severed from his body. The trunk sprung upright and fell backwards. A rope was then tied round the heels of the dead body, and it was hung up, on a low tree, for the terror of others. After this was done, the guard sat down, smoked another hubble-bubble, and then returned to the ghaut."

RUSSIAN KINDLINESS.

Among a people so constantly beaten as are the Russians, it would naturally be expected that whenever the beaten had the power, they would become themselves the beaters, and that their wives and children, their cattle and domestic animals would lead a terrible time of it. This is not the case. Haxthausen, with an apologetic shrug for the abominations of the stick regime, says: "'Tis the fashion in Russia;" and goes on to say that, the father beats his son, the husband his wife, the mother her daughter, the child his playfellow, and so forth. I am thoroughly disinclined to believe this. From all I have seen of the common people, they appear to treat each other with kindness and forbearance. A father may occasionally pitch into his drunken son; but the Russians at home are far removed from being systematically violent and cruel. There is this one grand protection to the married ladies, that the Russian husband, when drunk, is, instead of a tiger, the most innocent of *bs* a lambs. It never by any chance occurs to him to jump upon the wife of his bosom, or knock her teeth down her throat, or to kneel on her chest, or to chastise her with a poker. When most drunk he is most affectionate. We have all of us heard the stock Russian story, stating it to be the custom for a Russian bride to present her future lord and master with a whip on the wedding-day, and to be afterwards known to express discontent if her husband was lax in the exercise of the thong on her marital shoulders. Such an event, I have good reason to believe, is as common in Russia as is the sale of a wife in Smithfield, and with a halter round her neck, among us in England.—Yet Muscovite husbands will lie quite as long under the imputation of wife-whipping as the English husbands do under the stigma of wife-selling, and as unjustly. In this case the saddle is placed on exactly the wrong horse. A Russian peasant has really no objection to sell his wife; and for a schtoff or demi-John of vodki will part with his Tatiana or Ekaterians cheerfully. The Englishman will not barter away his moiety, but he keeps her, and bruises her. To their horses and cattle the Russians are singularly merciful, preferring far more to drive them by kind words than by blows. In general, too, the women seem to treat the babies and little children with all desirable kindness and attention.—*F. Sala.*

COLD.—For every mile that we leave the surface of our earth, the temperature falls five degrees. At forty-five miles' distance from the globe we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking, into the regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero, and here cold reigns in all its power. Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed from the Arctic Circles is from 40 to 60 degrees below zero, and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about 150 degrees below zero.—At this temperature carbonic gas becomes a solid substance, like snow. If touched, it produces just the same effect on the skin as a red-hot cinder; it blisters the finger like a burn. Quicksilver, or mercury, freezes at 40 degrees below zero; that is, 72 degrees below the temperature at which water freezes. The solid mercury may then be treated as other metals, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons would, however, melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with, would become solid if exposed to the cold of the regions of space. The gas we light our streets with would appear like WAX; oil would in reality be "as hard as a rock;" pure spirit, which we have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal; hydrogen gas would become quite solid, and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter in a lathe like a piece of ivory; and the fragrant odors of flowers would have to be made but before they would yield perfume. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.—*Septimus Prestc.*

☞ When two loving hearts are torn asunder, it is a shade better to be the one that is driven away into action, than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF THE SNOW STORM ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.—During the greatest intensity of the snow storm on Sunday night, in Philadelphia, the electrical effect on the wires of the magnetic telegraph, in the office at Chestnut street, near Third, was curious and striking. There was a continual snapping, cracking and flashing, like the noise when wood is burning briskly. At one place, on a covered wire, the stream of electricity suddenly appeared about the size of the flame from an ordinary gas burner, and continued to burn just like a gas light for more than five minutes. On examining the wire, it was found that half an inch of the covering was burned off that and the wire beneath it, with which it was in contact. Now, what caused this great development of electricity? Could it arise from the friction with the atmosphere of the snow flakes falling so thickly and rapidly over an extensive range of country, or the friction of the high winds which prevailed, or was the snow and the wind themselves only the effect of a disturbance of the equilibrium of the magnetic fluid, which seems to pervade all substances upon the face of and within the globe, and which made these visible manifestations in its efforts to restore the balance and supply the deficiency of the magnetic element in this region? Whatever was the cause, the effect was striking enough to show that the subject of meteorology hitherto studied without much system and by isolated observers only, contains interest enough in it to science to induce a more thorough investigation, and a wider observation, with accurate instruments, than it has ever received.

A correspondent also calls our attention to similar electrical indications observed elsewhere. He says his brother, who was on a visit at a friend's house, in the western part of Green street, observed, on approaching the gas fixture and the register belonging to the heater, a spark of electricity was received, with a shock severe enough to be unpleasant. It was noticed that the same effect was produced by applying the knuckles to some persons in the house; they appeared to be charged with electricity. He communicates the fact for the purpose of calling the attention of electricians to the subject.—*Public Ledger.*

NEW DODGE OF THE LIQUOR-MIXERS.—Since our exposure of the London Cordial Gin men, they have tried a new dodge on the Southern and Western merchants. They now bottle brandy, gin, rum, &c., with beautiful gilt labels, with foreign names and old vintages, claiming medical properties, and having certificates of chemists, &c., attached.

A bottle was sent us as a sample. We sent it to a chemist to have it analyzed, and he pronounced it nothing but common American whiskey, flavored with what is now called the "Oil of Cognac," a most deadly poison. The bottle was labeled, "Old Otard, Vintage of 1808." We would caution the public against purchasing any brandy, wine, &c., in bottles, unless put up by some respectable firm, who are known not to be engaged in mixing liquors. We have the names and places of business of a number of these rascals, and intend to get the rest and expose them to the public. We have not done with these chaps yet.—*N. Y. State Register.*

The price of genuine liquors is so enormous that the temptation to frauds and adulteration is very great, and such are the ingenuity and science applied to the manufacture of liquors that only the most experienced judges can detect the cheat. The safest thing to buy is American whiskey, which is so much cheaper than other liquors that it is not so likely to be imitated; and upon which a man may make a brute of himself at a moderate expense, and contrive to kill himself in a few years.—*Providence Journal.*

GREEN TEAS.—Rev. Dr. Wentworth says, in a long letter from Few Chau, China, published in the Missionary Advocate for January:

"Several American ships are lying in port, awaiting the arrival of green teas. The English, who love the leaf unadulterated, have taken the first cargoes of the season, and sped homeward with them. The Americans are green enough to prefer an infusion of Prussian blue, rendering that article so scarce and high in the vicinity of the 'green teas,' that the natives can hardly afford to use it on the venetians of their verandahs. If some hundreds of good ladies, who go with their heads lightly bandaged a day or two in each week with sick headache, and whose only remedy is 'green tea,' would abandon the use of 'green tea' altogether, they would find in the remedy itself the source of the disease."

A SURPLUS OF DOCTORS.—According to a correspondent of the Medical *World*, physicians have multiplied so rapidly in this country, that newly-fledged M. D.'s are puzzled to find a community which requires their services. They are exceedingly numerous in the Eastern cities, while the West is actually overrun with the sons of Esculapius. The writer says he has recently made an extensive exploration to and over the far off West, and finds the condition of things as stated. In all the thriving towns and settlements in Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, there are more medical men than patients. One or two invariably monopolize all the business worth having, but even the most celebrated are poorly compensated, while the prospect is not bettering. The writer very wisely counsels his young brethren to become farmers.

FIPS AND LEVIES.—The new Coinage Bill passed by Congress is now a law and in operation, and fips and levies will soon be as scarce as half-dollars. The Government officers are required by this law to receive Spanish and Mexican quarters at 20 cents, the "levies" at 10 cents and the "fips" at 6 cents, making these coins of no more value than our own decimal currency, the prettiest and most convenient currency we can have. When received at these rates at the Post Office and Custom House, &c., they are to be sent to the Mint to re-coin into American pieces. "Fips" and "levies" have had their day, and with them goes the opportunity of small financiers to shave the public four per cent. in giving change. The above is rather too fast. The bill is not a law yet.

AN ENERGETIC GOVERNOR.—Governor Newell had to walk from his residence, in Allentown, N. J., to Trenton, a distance of twelve miles, on foot, in order to reach the Capitol in time to be inaugurated, as the weather forbid travelling either in sleighs or on horseback. He was accompanied on his journey by John Vandyke, of New Brunswick, who happened to be at his house. Just as he was about starting, a man arrived at his house, requesting him (he being a physician) to visit professionally a child who was very sick. Though this obliged him to go a considerable distance out of his way, he promptly consented to do so.

CLOTHING IN INDIA.—"It is a fact," says the Bombay Gazette, "that the entire population of Hindostan does not average sixpence a year for clothing." A native brought a suit against one of the railway companies, some time ago, for turning him out of the cars, at the complaint of an English lady, because he was without habiliments. He showed that such was the custom of the country, and the Court had no alternative but to give judgment in his favor. The commerce with India is, therefore, a one-sided affair. The indigo, cotton, drugs, and rice shipped from the Indian ports must be paid for in hard cash.

WILL FLAX CHAFF KILL COWS?—Dr. H. Huchings, of Chambersburg, Ohio, writes the Ohio Cultivator as follows:

"Six cows, belonging to a brother of mine, died last evening in the course of about forty minutes after eating a little flax chaff and flax balls. They were not swelled much, and upon examination this morning were not choked. The inside coating of the maw was very tender, and decayed. They had been on short pasture of mixed grass, and drank no water, it being a drizzly day. The chaff was new, and had no rain after being cut."

EFFECT OF A BOMBARDMENT ON TRADE.—The news from China of the bombardment of Canton, has induced the holders of raw silks and teas to withdraw them from market. This advance on raw silk will bear immediately on the value of silk goods in the approaching opening trade for the spring season; but the supplies being already secured to order, and in some degree commensurate with the demand, no great advance is apprehended, only a firmer tone, as second orders could not be supplied at the same cost as the first.

"WOMAN IS CONSTITUTIONALLY DISQUALIFIED FOR ACTION."—The ship Neptune's Car, arrived at San Francisco, (says a letter from the consignees,) Nov. 15th. Fifty days ago, Capt. Patten was attacked with brain fever, and for the last twenty five days he has been blind. Previous to his illness, he had put the first mate off duty, on account of his incompetency. Afterward, the second mate took charge of the ship, but as he did not understand navigation, the Captain's wife worked up the reckoning every day, and brought the ship safely into port. The first mate wrote Mrs. Patten a letter, reminding her of the dangers of the coast and the great responsibility she had assumed, and offered to take charge of the ship, but she stood by the judgment of her husband, and declined the offer. During all this time, she acted as nurse to the captain; studied medicine, to learn how to treat his case; shaved his head, and by her constant care and watchfulness, kept him alive. She said that for fifty nights she has not undressed herself. Few women could have done so much, and done it so well. She was at once, navigator, nurse physician and protector of the property entrusted to her husband. The matter has excited a good deal of interest here, and, independent of other considerations, all are anxious for her sake that the captain shall recover.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A LADY GAY SPANKER IN THESE UNITED STATES.—We have had a Gibraltar and a Di Vernon, but it remains for the Virginians to produce a natural Lady Gay Spanker, in the person of a Mrs. Wells, who resides in Prince George, one of the sporting counties of that sporting State, the "Old Dominion." This spirited lady was riding out a few days since, accompanied only by a brace of greyhounds, when a fine deer started across the road, and she, with the spirit of our favorite Lady Gay and of a true sportswoman, turned her rifle from her shoulder, sounded the *halloo* to the dogs, and gave her "filly" the head; then came the tug. The "filly" bounded over a high fence, the deer took the river, the hounds pressing hard upon their prey; the lady and her filly close to their tails, and as she reached the other side, a bullet from her rifle made the *stricken deer* go werp, and make venison for her cuisine.—*Porter's Spirit.*

HOW LAGER BEER ORIGINATED.—Many years ago, a shoemaker, in a small town, near Bamberg, Germany, sent his apprentice to get a bottle of Bamberg beer, (small beer,) which was sold in that place; but the boy, not knowing this, went to the city itself; on returning he met an acquaintance of his, who told him, that when he would come home his "boss" would whip him for staying out so long. The poor boy, who was frightened at this, thought it better not to go home at all, but took his bottle, buried it under a tree, and ran away. He then went among the soldiers where he distinguished himself, so that in short he became an officer. When one day his regiment was quartered in this small town, the officer thought it proper to pay a visit to his old boss, but not before he had got the bottle of beer which he had buried some years ago under the tree. When he entered, he said, "Well, sir, here I bring you your bottle of Bamberg beer, that you sent me for." The shoemaker not knowing what this meant, was told by the officer all about it. The bottle was then opened, and the beer found to be of a superior quality. When this fact was known, some of the brewers built deep vaults where they put their beer in, and called this, after it had lain there for some time, lager, which means nothing more than lying. The officer afterwards married the daughter of the shoemaker, and drank a good deal of lager beer, receiving in that occupation the assistance of his father-in-law.

KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT DURING COLD WEATHER.—Dr. Hall advises every person who goes out into the open air from a warm apartment to keep the mouth shut while walking or riding. He says: "Before leaving the room bundle up well—gloves, cloak, and comforter—shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. By not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the churchyard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement; but if you converse, large draughts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation, making a cold impression if you don't get into a cold bed too quickly after you get home. Neglect of these precautions brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year."—*Journal of Health.*

NOTHING ELSE.—The cant slang or expression of "nothing else" is generally supposed to be a "Westernism," and the English call it an "Americanism," whereas it was used in London, precisely as it is now used here, more than a hundred years ago, as appears from the following passage from one of Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann, written in 1744: "We are now mad about tar-water, in the publication of a book that I will send you, written by Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. The book contains every subject, from tar-water to the Trinity; however, all the women read—and understand it no more than if it were intelligible. A man came into an apothecary shop the other day, and said: 'Do you sell tar-water?' 'Tar-water!' replied the apothecary, 'why, I sell *nothing else!*'"

DECLINE IN REAL ESTATE.—The decline in the value of real estate in San Francisco, says the Shasta Courier, within the three years last past, has been unparalleled. The proceeds of the late Folsom estate sale only amounted to about $840,000. Three years ago Folsom was offered for the same the sum of two millions of dollars—one million down, the remaining million on bond and mortgage at ten per cent. per annum. In this connection is mentioned the fact, that the U. S. Government has just recovered a verdict of one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars against the executors of Capt. J. L. Folsom, for defaults in the captain's accounts with the Government, while acting as Quartermaster General for California.

THE EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.—The Boston Herald is informed that, about two years ago, Mr. James Thomas, of Gloucester, with his wife, was on a visit to West Gloucester. When about to leave for home, they missed the train of cars, and started to walk home. The nearest way was across the railroad bridge, a quarter of a mile long, over the Canal River. The bridge was not planked, and is about fifty feet above the water. So great was the effect of the excitement caused by this dangerous feat, that Mrs. Thomas, who was in good health previously, has been in poor health ever since, and during the time that has intervened, has not spoken a word. This case has attracted the attention of the medical profession of that town.

CAMELS ON THE PLAINS OF THE WEST.—The accounts from Texas relative to the experiment of domesticating the camel for use in the army of the United States, on the south-western plains, continue to be most encouraging. The animals are in the care of a company of the Second Regiment of Cavalry, stationed at Camp Verde, Texas, where large stables have been recently erected by the troops for their accommodation. It has already been ascertained, by repeated experiment, that more can be done in the way of transportation by six camels in five days than by two six mule teams in ten days.

MUSIC IN CHURCHES.—The New York Churchman insists upon a thorough reform in sacred music in the churches, and, as a necessary beginning in that direction, it urges the exclusion of females from the organ lofts. The editor argues that they have no business there, and St. Paul is quoted as authority that "woman are not permitted to teach," and ought to be "silent" in the house of God!!! The choir, it thinks, should consist of male adults and the chorister boys; and, as another reform, it would have all these brought down from the gallery, robed in surplices, and placed with the priests in the chancel.

THE probable political complexion of the United States Senate on the 4th of March next, if all the vacancies are filled as expected, will be as follows: Democrats 37; Republicans 20; Americans 5.

NEWS ITEMS.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—An exchange says:—Mr. Gowan has deposited in the State Department the necessary bonds and authenticated documents that he had discovered a guano island, called Somburo, containing over six million nine hundred thousand tons, within eight days' sail of New York. The Secretary informed him that Government would protect him in its occupation.

CHURCH TROUBLE.—A portion of the church choir in the Presbyterian Church of Greenbush, Long Island, recently objected to the congregation taking part in the singing, as "they got out of time." The church has decided that the congregation may sing. It is an old remark that the choir, which should be the source of harmony, is in many cases, the cause of much discord.

FREE NEGROES IN ARKANSAS.—The Free Negro Bill which has been pending before the Legislature of Arkansas for several weeks, and which had for its object the removal of all free negroes from the State, has been defeated.

THIRTY thousand passengers were carried last year by the steamships between the United States and Europe—including eastern and western passengers.

THE COLD TERM.—E. Merriam, the New York meteorologist, commonly known as the "clerk of the weather," says that in a period of sixty-nine consecutive years, the temperature, but in one December, was lower than in this, and that was the year 1796.

USEFUL INVENTION.—A countryman passing over a railroad in northern New York, which is proverbially *slow*, asked the conductor why a cow-catcher was attached to the rear car instead of the usual place; he was informed by that officer that it was, "in order to prevent the cows on that road running into the train."

THE "GREAT EASTERN."—This mammoth steamship, which at some indefinite period is expected to arrive at Portland, exceeds the length of Noah's Ark 230 feet, and that of the Persia, the largest steamship yet afloat, 310.—The wharves erecting for her accommodation at Fish Point, Portland, are expected to be completed in June.

MYSTERIOUS CASE—A NEW YORKER IN TROUBLE.—A most singular and mysterious case was heard in this city on the 24th, at the Mayor's office, before Ald. Enue, in which a merchant of New York City, and a lady of respectable connections in Vermont were the parties. The lady is young and good-looking. From her testimony it appeared that she was in Philadelphia about eight months since, and casually made the acquaintance of the defendant, who, upon learning that she (the witness) was going to Vermont via New York, proposed to accompany her as far as the last named city. His offer was accepted, and on the route the defendant it is alleged, desired her to remain in New York during the night and proceed to her home the next day. This she refused to do as she was anxious to reach home. The defendant then invited her to take dinner at the hotel with him, before taking the next train, which she acceded to. During the dinner she was induced to take a glass of wine, and she avers, that in a few minutes afterward was fast asleep, and recollected nothing more for some time; when she awoke she found herself in a chamber in the hotel and the defendant standing by her.

She was alarmed at her situation, and asked defendant for an explanation, which he gave, by saying that witness had fainted, and she was removed by his orders. With this she was satisfied, and shortly afterward started for her home, without the slightest suspicion, as she avers, of having been wrongly dealt with. About a month after reaching home she discovered that she was *enciente*, and being unable to account for her condition, informed her friends of the matter, and also told them of the dinner she took at the hotel, and her sleepiness after drinking the wine. Herself and friends then came to the conclusion that she had been drugged, and, while insensible, foully wronged. A description of the man was given the police, and yesterday he was found in this city, and taken before Ald. Enue. The defendant was held, by consent of all parties, in $5,000 bail, to await a further hearing. This case involves a point disputed, we believe, among medical men, and therefore of considerable general as well as of great personal interest. It must be remembered, besides, that this belongs to a class of charges which a learned judge has termed "easy to make, hard to disprove."

A POISONED PRESCRIPTION.—A terrible tragedy occurred at Baltimore on the 21st inst., resulting from a druggist accidentally mixing cyanuret of potash and prussic acid in a medicine which he prepared from a prescription. The child for whom the medicine was prepared, took it and died instantly. The druggist, sure that he had made no mistake, and anxious to show his correctness, took some of the medicine himself, and died in five minutes. The physician who merely tasted the compound, and spat it out, was attacked, and saved with difficulty. Moral: let the public be careful what druggists they patronize, and let druggists be careful that they understand their business. Every apothecary should have a good scientific knowledge of the drugs he sells. He ought to know more of them than the mere labels on his bottles can tell him.

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.—In the "Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster," just published, there is an amusing anecdote of the manner in which the printer murdered the manuscript of his famous reply to Mr. Hayne. He had said:—"There is no such thing as half-allegiance and half-rebellion; no treason made easy," alluding to books entitled "Geometry Made Easy," "Logic Made Easy," &c.; but he adds, "the printer put it, 'treason *madcasy*!' Twice I corrected the proof, and wrote, as I thought, plain enough, 'made easy.' But I could not make it easy, and so it has gone through the Union: 'Treason *madcasy*.' Finally, I went to the press, and had the whole sentence struck out."

EXPENSIVE FURS.—The Russian sable, the scarcest and consequently the dearest fur, is said to be smuggled into this country, its exportation being forbidden by the Russian government. A small muff of this fur costs $400, and the entire set, consisting of capo and cuffs, is worth $1400 and $1500. Next in importance comes the Hudson Bay sable, its price ranging from $200 to $700 the set, its value increasing as its color darkens. Then we have mink, a beautiful fur, almost rivalling the sable; and next, "fallen from its high estate," comes ermine, now only a fourth rate fur, of which in good old times kings had the monopoly.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN SOAP.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting in soaps, and finds that the addition of three-quarters of a pound of borax to a pound of soap melted without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in the cost of soap, and of three-fourths the labor of washing, improving the whiteness of the fabrics; besides the usual caustic effect is thus removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.

CONSUMPTION OF CIGARS IN FRANCE.—Tobacco is a monopoly in France, and it is calculated that if the passion for smoking continues to progress in the same ratio as it has done for the last five-and-twenty years, in about forty years from this time the sum paid by smokers for the enjoyment of their favorite luxury will alone suffice to defray the Budget. A monstrous tax for an indulgence.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 22.

At market less than 100 Beef Cattle, 19 Stores, no Sheep, 100 Shoats, no fat Hogs.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—The stock has not all arrived, probably detained on account of the snow; sales of the few at market were made at about last week's prices. We quote—Extra $6,25@6,75; first quality $7,50@8; second $6,75@7,25; third $6,25@6,75.

Working Oxen—No sales noticed.

Cows and Calves—Sales $25, 30, 31, 40, 48, and 60.

Sheep—Sales $5,50, 4,50, 6, and 6.

Shoats—The lowest market were reported last week, and a few sales only were made at retail.

Fat Hogs—None offered.

BALTIMORE MARKET, JAN. 24.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market to-day was quiet, but steady. We have no sales of less than 1000 bbls Howard street; super at $6,37½; also 100 bbls do Extra at $6,75, and 100 bbls do at $7. For all descriptions of super Flour holders were firm in asking $6,37½ ₱ bbl. We have no sales to note to-day in Corn Meal and Rye Flour. We quote the latter at $4 ₱ bbl, and city Meal at $4,37½; country do at $3 ₱ bbl, and dull at sale.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—The offerings of all descriptions of Grain this morning were exceedingly light there being but 100 bush Wheat, 300 do Corn, and 400 do Oats. We quote white Wheat nominally at 180@185c for good to prime; reds 147@150c. We note a sale of 4000 bush prime white Corn "out of store" at 66c. We also note a sale of 600 bush Penna Oats at 58c. We quote Maryland Rye at 90c, and Penna do at 86c. Cloverseed may be quoted at $7,25@7,50; Timothy at $3,25@3,50; Flaxseed $1,90@1,95.

WHISKEY—The market to-day was exceedingly quiet, and we are without any transactions to report. We quote nominally City at 24½@27c; Ohio 27@28 ₱ gallon.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, January 26, 1857.

The inclemency of the weather and the storm in the fore part of the week having completely blocked up the railroads and other business thoroughfares, operations since have been of a very limited character. Bank is held very firmly, with but little stock to operate in. Broadstuffs have been rather firmer under the favorable accounts from abroad, but there has been a total absence of any export or speculative enquiry, and the market has been exceedingly quiet. The receipts of all descriptions have been trifling. Cotton has slightly improved. Coal is unchanged. Coffee is held firmly. Sugar has again advanced, and the stock is now reduced to a very low figure. Molasses is scarce and good quality is wanted. In Fish and Fruit there has been very little doing. The Iron market is firmer, but the transactions have been limited. Lead is dull. Lumber is very quiet. In Naval Stores and Oils there is a limited business doing at about former quotations. Provisions come in slowly, and the stock of all kinds is exceedingly light. Rice is firm. Cloverseed has slightly declined. Teas are looking up. Tobacco and Wool are held firmly. In Dry Goods the transactions have been on a very restricted scale for the week, but prices have undergone no essential change. A few Western and Southern merchants have been purchasing their supplies.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been very small, in consequence of the obstructions on the railroads and rivers. The favorable accounts by the American mail and a little more confidence, left the market has been quiet—the demand being limited both for export and home consumption, and prices have undergone no change. The sales for shipment comprise 600 bbls standard and good brands, at $6,37½@6,50 ₱ bbl; 150 bbls Extra at $6,87½; 400 bbls Fancy at $7,25, and some half barrels at $7,25 ₱ pair. The sales for the supply of the retailers and bakers have been limited within the range of the same figure. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very dull. Small sales of the former at $4,25, and the latter at $3 ₱ bbl, at which rates they are free sellers.

There has been a fair demand for Wheat, with but little offering, and we again advance our quotations 2@3c ₱ bushel. Sales of 10,000 bushels Pennsylvania—mostly in small lots—at $1,52@1,54 for fair and prime Red, and $1,55@1,58 for White, all in store. 1500 bush Rye brought 81c. Corn has been in good demand, and has again advanced. Sales of 20,000 bush Yellow at 87@88cts for old, and 84@86cts for new. Oats are in fair request, and about 10,000 bush Delaware, Pennsylvania and Western sold at 42@43cts ₱ bushel, and some ordinary quality at 45 cents.

PROVISIONS—There has not been much doing. Sales of Mess Pork at $20,21 ₱ bbl for thin and heavy; and Prime at $17@17,50, sixty days. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots, for ship stores, at $16@16,50, cash. Western Beef is not wanted. Bacon continues very quiet, partly owing to the want of supplies to operate on; but prices are well maintained. Small sales of Hams at 11@12c ₱ lb, 60 days, for plain and fancy canvassed. Sides are 10 cents; and Shoulders, in lots, at 9c. Green Meats—Continue to come forward very slowly, and there is very little stock offering. In the absence of sales we quote Hams at 11c; Sides at 9c, and Shoulders at 8c. A small sale was effected at the latter rate. Hogs are coming forward pretty freely, and commanded $5@5,25 ₱ 100 lbs, net. Lard—The demand has been limited, but prices have been steadily maintained. Small sales at 12@12½c, and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days. A sale of 50 bbls and 50 half barrels at 11½c, and 70 bbls Grease Lard at 9½@9¾c, cash. Butter—Solid packed continues very dull, and sells slowly from 14 to 16c; but Roll is in fair request at 18@20c ₱ lb, as to quality. Cheese sells at 10@11 cts.

GROCERIES—There have been no arrivals of Coffee this week, and the stock is now very much reduced. The market continues quite firm, but the transactions have been limited. Among them we notice 1500 bags Rio at 10¼@10c, and 600 mats Java at 14@ ₱ lb, on time.

The want of supplies continue to restrict operations in Molasses, and prices remain without quotable change.

There has been a fair demand for Sugar, and with a small stock holders have succeeded in realizing a further improvement of ½ ₱ lb. Sales of 450 hhds at 9½@9¾c for Cuba, 10¼@10¾c for Porto Rico, and 10c for Texas.

METALS—The market for Pig Iron continues firm, but the sales since our last notice have been moderate. Among them were 150 tons Forge at $24, 6 mos. The foreign accounts are more favorable for the steel trade, but they have had no effect upon prices. Bar and Boiler Iron are in steady demand at full rates. A small sale of Blooms at $75, 6 mos.

Lead continues inactive, and we have no sales to notice.

The demand for Copper has been quite limited both for English Sheathing and Yellow Metal at our former quotations.

Spelter—There is no Quicksilver coming forward, and the stock is about exhausted. The last sale we have was at $36 ₱ ton, but an advance on these figures is now demanded.

BEESWAX—Is steady at 27c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The storm having almost suspended the receipts there is little or none shipping this week, and sales are limited to the wants of the home demand at steady rates.

CANDLES—Are about stationary at 24@27c for Western and City made Adamantine, and 40@41c for Sperm with a moderate demand.

COTTON—The favorable accounts by the America caused some speculative inquiry, and prices are now 1@c ₱ lb higher than at the close of our last notice, but the spinners are purchasing sparingly, and some of them have been kept out of the city by the snow. Sales of upon lots at 12@13½c ₱ lb, on time, for uplands, and 14@15c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited, but without any essential change in prices. Small sales of Borax at 22@23c; 50 casks Bleaching Powders, to arrive, at 4c. Soda Ash at 3c. and 125 casks of Lemons at $2,25, 6 months. Cutch continues to have an upward tendency.

FEATHERS—But few coming in. Small sales of good Western at 54@56c ₱ lb.

FISH—The stock of Mackerel is exceedingly light, but prices remain without change, and the sales have been only to a small extent. We quote No 1 at $11,50@12 ₱ bbl for medium No. 1's; $8,25 for No. 2, and $7 for 3's. Nothing doing in Herring or Codfish.

FRUIT—In foreign, the transactions have been limited, at our former quotations. A sale of 5000 pounds Dried Apples at 7@8c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches range from 5 to 12c ₱ lb, according to quality for unpared and pared. Cranberries are selling from $10 to $15 ₱ bbl. Green Apples, the market is nearly bare, and prices range from $2,50 to $3 ₱ bbl.

GINSENG—Is scarce. Small sales of Crude at 50 cts ₱ lb, cash.

GUANO—There is nothing doing, and prices are unchanged.

HEMP—Is held very firmly, but no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES—The want of supplies continues to restrict business.

HOPS—Meet a very limited demand, at 8@10c ₱ lb for new crop Eastern and Western. Old are not wanted.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, at full prices.

LUMBER—The transactions have been unimportant.

NAVAL STORES—A small lot of Common Rosin sold at $1,50 ₱ bbl. Spirits of Turpentine is held firmly at a further advance, but the demand is limited. Sales at 35@36c, cash and on time, now held at 55@56c, cash.

OILS—Prices are steady for all kinds of Fish Oils. Sales of Winter Lard, to arrive, were made at $1@1,05, 4 months. We quote Summer at 95c. Linseed Oil has been selling freely at 70@72c, for Raw and Boiled, and is now held higher.

RICE—The demand has been fair, and holders are firm at the advance noticed last week. Sales of 50 casks, in lots, at $4,50 at 5c, 4 mos.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

SEEDS—There is a fair amount of Cloverseed offering, but the demand for it has fallen off. Sales of 600 bus fair and good quality at $7@7,12½ ₱ 64 lbs, closing at the lower rate, but some holders will not accept these figures. Flaxseed is firmer and scarce.

SPICES—Limited sales have been made at former rates.

SPIRITS—The transactions in Brandy and Gin have been on a very limited scale. New England Rum continues to command 32c. Whiskey is active and materially advanced.—Sales of bbls at 23@25c, and hhds at 3 @3c.

TALLOW—Is held firmly, and further sales of City Rendered have been made at 11½c ₱ lb, cash.

TEAS—Have been in better request, and higher rates are demanded, in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs in China.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there has been very little doing.

WINES—The transactions have been unimportant.

WOOL—The demand has been quite active, but the stock is small and prices firm. Sales of 120,000 lbs at 45@55c ₱ lb, 6 months, as to quality.

NEW YORK MARKET, JAN. 24.

ASHES—The market is quiet for both kinds; sales of Pots at $7,9@7,62½, and Pearls at $7,75@7,81½.

FLOUR—The demand for Western Canal Flour is less active; holders early in the day were firm, but after the arrival of the Persia a decline of 5@10c ₱ bbl was submitted to—which induced more enquiry. The arrivals are very light, and the stock diminishing. The sales are 4,000 bbls at $5,30@5,50 for common to good Ohio; $6,05@6,25 for extra State, $6,75@6,90 for superfine Indiana and Ohio; $6,45@6,70 for common to fair extra Ohio; $7,10@7,25 for do to choice extra Ohio; $7,00@7,25 for St. Louis brands; and $7,50@8,50 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is steady but quiet; small sales at $6,90@6,95 for superfine, and $7@7,75 for extra. Southern Flour is dull and heavy under the Persia's news, the arrivals are limited, sales are 600 bbls at $7@7,10 for mixed to good Baltimore, $7,10@7,25 for mixed Alexandria, and $7,25@8,10 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is quiet at $4,90@5,25 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is firm at $3,25 for Jersey, and $3,15 for Brandywine. Buckwheat Flour is firm at $2,90@2,95.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is firm. The demand is fair for choice lots for milling, and the arrivals are limited. The sales are 9,000 bushels prime white Ohio, at $1,42 afloat, and 2,000 bushels common white Southern at $1,40. Rye is held higher, and is nominal at 95@100c. Oats are firm, but dull, at 50@52c for State, and 52@55c for Western and Canadian. Corn is firm, but quiet; the arrivals are light; sales of 23,000 bushels western mixed at 72c in store, at the Atlantic Docks, and 75c in store at the Brooklyn Docks. Barley is quiet and nominal. White Beans are in fair demand at $1,75@2 ₱ bush. Canadian Peas are firmly held at $1,03@1,05. Southern black eyed do, scarce at $1 ₱ bag of two bushels.

COFFEE—All kinds are dull; prices are unchanged. Sales of 300 bags Rahia at 9½c, and 100 packets Java at 14½.

SUGAR—Refiners continue anxious to buy all lots obtainable at anything near their views of prices, in order to keep their houses in operation. The trade are not doing much. Holders of raw are very firm and offer very sparingly. The sales are 250 hhds 50 tes Melada at 7½ to a refinery; 700 boxes Havana at 9¼c, and 100 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 9¼@10c.

MOLASSES—Very little doing, prices are firm; sales of New Orleans at 39c, and Cuba clayed at 40c.

HIDES—The absence of fresh arrivals, owing to the contrary winds and the embargo of ice, continues to limit transactions. Holders of invoices to arrive are not disposed to offer them until their receipt.

LEATHER—We have to notice a continuance of former firmness in hemlock and oak sole. The irregularity of all the railroads has curtailed the receipts and sales materially.

WHISKEY—The market is rather firmer, but buyers hold off. The arrivals are light—closing with buyers at 28c, and sellers at 29c.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is quite firm, but quiet. The receipts are limited; sales of 250 bbls at $20 for old Mess, $21 for new, and $18 for Prime, and $22@25 25 for Clear. Beef is buoyant but not so active—the arrivals are very light. Sales of 200 bbls at $7 50@8 25 for new Prime, $9@9 50 for new Country Mess and old repacked Western Mess, $12@13 50 for new repacked do, and $16@16 50 for extra. Prime Mess is quiet at $20@21. Beef Hams are firmer. Sales of 80 bbls good State at $20. Bacon is inactive; small sales of city short loose Middles at 11c. Cut meats are in good demand, and not plenty. Sales of 200 hhds and tes at 8c for Shoulders, and 10@10½c for Hams. Dressed Hogs are firmer and in demand at 6½@6¾c. Butter is quite firm and in fair request, at 20@25c for State, and 18@22c for Ohio. Lard is lower, and, under the Atlantic's news, with sales of 350 bbls and tes at 12½@12¾c—after the arrival of the Persia held with more confidence. Cheese is better, and in demand at 10@11c.

OILS—The market for most kinds is very quiet. English Linseed, under more favorable foreign advices, reporting sales in London at an advance of 1s 3d@2s 6d, is firmer, and importers have advanced their pretensions for Oil on the spot to 67½c. February shipments are firmly held at 65c; the market, however, has not fully opened under the steamer's advices. American can be still purchased at 65c, but with a light stock, and a speculative movement, the tendency is upward. Crude Whale is very dull—the only transactions is 750 bbls at New Bedford at 70@72c, which is low.

HOPS—The market is unchanged; the sales limited at 7@10c for common to choice Eastern and Western.

Jan. 26.—Flour steady, 4500 bbls sold; wheat firm, but sales are unimportant; corn firm, 5000 bus sold; provisions steady; lard buoyant at 12½; whiskey heavy.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 26.

The late tremendous snow storm having completely suspended travel, the markets at the different Yards have been unusually light this week, comprising only about 800 head of Beef Cattle, all of which were disposed of to the City Butchers at much better prices, quality per lb from 5½ to 8½c the lot lb; the latter for prime Cattle which are scarce at the Avenue Drove Yard, the sales were as follows:

60 Ohio by B. Vanleer, at 8@8 9
50 Jersey by J. Abrams, at 8@ 8
50 Penn'a by do at 8½@10
40 do do J Kennedy, at 8@8½
50 do do A Rittenbaugh, at 9@10
40 Indians by J Johnston, at 7½@8

151 Cows and Calves were at market this week, principally at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge avenue. Sales were slow at from $31@45 for fresh Cows; $20@30 for Springers; and $18@30 for dry Cows.

Of Hogs, the arrivals at Singer's yard reached about 1000. The inquiry was good, and all offered sold at from 6½@7½c ₱ 100 lbs.

Of Sheep and Lambs the receipts are about 2000. The demand was active, and sales ranged at $2 50@6 each, according to condition.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 23.

HOGS—There has been a fair demand for slaughtered Hogs. We now quote them at $5@5,50 ₱ 100 lbs. The quotations are principally for Hogs suitable for family use.

CATTLE—The offerings this week were small, but we note no change in prices. There were 600 head offered today at the scales, 75 of which were driven off, and the balance, 525, were taken up by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $3,25 to $3 25 on the hoof, equal to $7,50@10,50 net, and average $4,75 gross.

HOGS—There is a slight improvement in prices, with few in market, owing to the difficulty in getting them here. Small sales were made to-day at the scales at prices ranging from 6@6c@7 ₱ 100 lbs gross.

SHEEP—We have to note an advance in Sheep. Supply good; sales were made at from $4 to $5 ₱ 100 lbs.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 79 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcase	5 @ 9
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	17 @ 20	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	14 @ 18	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	9
Rump do	12 @ 14	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Chop	12½
Plates and navels, Corned	6 @ 10	Cutlet	14
Tongues, fresh,	45 @ 55	Sweetbread, each	19
Leg, each,	31½@ 37½	*Pork.*	
Shin	25 @ 40	Young Pigs	$1 25 @1 75
Kidney	8 @ 12½	Salt and fresh ₱ lb	10 @ 12½
Liver ₱ lb	8 @ 10	Feet, ₱ set	18½@ 31½
Dried Beef ₱ lb	20	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 @ 6½
Lamb.		Lard do	12½@ 15
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½	Hams, smoked	12½@ 15
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20
Chop ₱ lb	9 @ —

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

On Jan. 19, the Senate discussed and passed the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill. An ineffectual effort was made to restore the appropriation stricken out by the House, for a salary of $1,000 to each of twenty-five consular pupils. The Senate finally added an amendment, repealing so much of the former law as authorized the appointment of such officers.

On Jan. 20th, Mr. Clay introduced a bill repealing all laws or parts of laws allowing bounties to vessels employed on the Banks or other cod fisheries.

After a discussion between Messrs. Clay, Seward, and Clemenden, the bill was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

On Jan. 21st, James C. Green, the newly elected Senator from Missouri, in place of Mr. Atchison, appeared and was qualified.

Mr. Seward presented the petition of the New York Geographical Society, protesting against the coinage of three dollar and three cent pieces, and praying that none but decimal coins may be issued from the Mint. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

The Submarine Telegraph bill was then taken up. After some discussion on the expediency of amendment, Mr. Seward moved to amend the bill with a proviso that the contract to be made by the British Government shall not be different from that already proposed by that government to the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company. After some remarks by Mr. Seward, showing the importance of making this contract in order to have the use of the telegraph on equal terms with the British Government, the amendment was adopted.

A long debate then ensued upon the bill itself. Mr. Hunter and other Senators wanted a guarantee in the bill, by which the United States shall have the same advantage in time of war as the British Government. Mr. Cass moved to amend, by postponing the effect of the act till a treaty had been effected with Great Britain making Western terminus of the telegraph neutral ground. Messrs. Seward and Hale argued to show that the establishment of the telegraph was itself a peace measure, calculated to bind the two nations in lasting amity.

Without final action the Senate adjourned.

Jan. 22nd, the consideration of the Submarine Telegraph Bill was resumed. After some further debate, Mr. Cass withdrew his amendment. Several amendments of a formal character were made, when the bill passed—yeas 39, nays 13, as follows:—

YEAS—Messrs. Allen, Bell, of N. H.; Bell, of Tenn.; Benjamin, Bradhead, Brown, Collamer, Dodge, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Fish, Foot, Foster, Hale, Houston, James, Jones, of Iowa; Mallory, Pratt, Rusk, Seward, Stuart, Thomson, of N. J.; Toucey, Wade, Wilson, Wright, and Yulee—29

NAYS—Messrs. Biggs, Clay, Crittenden, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Geyer, Green, Hunter, Iverson, Mason, Pearce, Reid, Rev. Sibdell, Thompson, of Ky.; Toombs, Trumbull, and Weller—13.

Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to procure a bust, in marble, of the late Chief Justice Wm. Cushing, of Massachusetts.

The House bill to enforce the attendance of witnesses, &c., was received, and by unanimous consent referred to the Judiciary Committee, who forthwith called a meeting, and in the course of five minutes reported it without amendment, and asked its immediate consideration.

Mr. Wilson objected. Adjourned.

On Jan. 23d, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the House Bill, more effectually to secure the attendance of witnesses summoned by either House, and to compel them to disclose testimony.

A long and animated discussion ensued, after which the bill passed—yeas 36, nays 3.

On Jan. 24th, Mr. Wilson presented the credentials of Henry Sumner as Senator from Massachusetts, for six years from the 4th of March next.

Mr. Fessenden presented the credentials of Ames Nye, elected from the State of Maine, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Hamlin. Mr. Nourse was sworn, and being qualified took his seat.

The Senate passed a number of bills of no general interest.

On the 26th, Mr. Wilson gave notice of the introduction of a bill to secure to actual settlers the alternate sections of land reserved in grants to the States for all railroad purposes.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the bill establishing a Naval Depot at Brunswick, Georgia.

On the 26th, in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Mr. Orr offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the President to inform the House, whether resistance, if any, has been made, or is to be apprehended, against the official authorities of Utah, and requesting him to communicate all correspondence relative to any appointment to, or declination of office, in that territory since January, 1852; and whether the laws thereof are practically administered with impartial justice to all its inhabitants.

On motion of Mr. Kelsey, the Corruption Investigating Committee was granted leave to sit during the sessions of the House.

On Jan. 26th, a bill was passed extending the land laws now existing east of the Cascade Mountains.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Territories on the petition of the inhabitants of the Territory of Arizonia, praying for the establishment of a Territorial Government.

The House took up and passed the bills appropriating $30 to the construction of a penitentiary in Nebraska, establishing three additional land districts in Nebraska, and completing and opening roads in Oregon, Washington and Minnesota Territories.

On Jan. 21st, Mr. Orr, from the Corruption Committee, presented a report, a resolution, and a bill.

The points of the report are that the Committee during their investigation summoned as a witness James H. Stone, the correspondent of the New York Times; that, among other questions, the following was propounded to him: You state that certain members have approached you and have desired to know if they could not through you have money for their votes upon certain bills; will you state who these members were? And said Simonton returned to the following response: "I cannot, without violation of confidence, than which I would rather suffer anything." In response to other questions of similar import he said: "Two have made them direct; others have manifested a desire to talk with me upon these subjects: I regarded it off, not giving them an opportunity to make a distinct proposition." To the question, what do I understand you to mean when you say these communications were made direct? Mr. Simonton replied, "I mean after having obtained my promise of secrecy in regard to them, they have said to me that certain measures pending before Congress ought to pay; that the parties interested in them had the means to pay; that they individually needed money, and that they desired me to specifically advocate matters in such a way that if the measures passed they should receive pecuniary compensation."

The Committee were impressed with the materiality of the testimony withheld by the witness, as it embraced the very soul and spirit of the inquiry directed by the House to be made; but were anxious to avoid any controversy with the witness. They consequently waived the interrogatories proposed, to give witness time for reflection on the consequences of his refusal, and to afford him an opportunity to refer to the law and practice of the House in such cases, during which time he would, on some subsequent day be examined. This was on the 13th of Jan. On Tuesday, the 20th inst., said Simonton was recalled and the identical question first referred to was again propounded. After due reflection he declined, the Committee would be constrained to report his declination to the House, and the House body to enforce all its powers in the premises, to obtain a full and complete response to that interrogatory, which, in the following reply, and we give it in full, that justice may be done Mr. Simonton in this report. He said: "Before stating the determination to which I have arrived on this subject, I desire to say that I do not here dispute the power of the Committee, and I have not heretofore declined to answer that question upon any such grounds. I have all respect for the Committee and the House. I do not decline its order to secure the members. My declination was based upon my own convictions of duty. Since I was last before the Committee, in deference to their judgment and wishes, I have examined the case of Nathan Dunn, to which they referred me and have considered very fully what I ought to do in view of that decision, as well as in view of other considerations. The result of my deliberations upon the subject has been to satisfy me in the opinion, that whatever penalty I may incur, I cannot answer that question. I beg the Committee understand that I have no other motive whatever in declining, but the simple one that I have stated before. I do not see how I can answer it without a dishonorable breach of confidence. The answer to the question is one of possibility to be supposed to reflect discredit on the House, and I presume that my statement of that motive is corroborated by the facts as they appear before the Committee. I must insist upon declining to answer that question."

The House will perceive that the foregoing statement proves the materiality of the testimony, and the duty of the House to insist upon its disclosure. It shows the wilful and deliberate purpose of the witness to withhold testimony rightfully and properly demanded, and the necessity for the House to interpose with promptitude and firmness the authority, if it is intended to expose and punish the corruption which may exist among its members by the investigation your Committee have been pursuing. It is due to the dignity and reputation of the American House to purge itself of such unworthy members, who thus shamelessly prostrated their high and honored positions to such base purposes. The country has the right to know who have betrayed the trust confided to them by their constituents. The honest men of the House should aid by the exercise of all the powers with which they are vested, to secure the names of the supposed guilty parties, and thereby shield the general reputation of the body as well as their own characters from unjust and improper imputation and suspicion. The Committee consider it unnecessary to enter into an elaborate argument to establish the power of the House in this case. The summons was issued under the hand of the Speaker and was attested by the Clerk of the House, and the contumacy of the witness is a contempt of that authority. If there is a doubt whether this authorizes the arrest of a party in contempt and his confinement until the contempt is purged, besides the right to inflict other punishment afterwards, it seems to your Committee that none will question the authority of the House when they recur to the statute. By an act passed May 3rd, 1798, authority is given to the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, or a Chairman of a Select Committee of either House, to administer oaths to witnesses in any case under their examination, and a wilful, absolute and false swearing before either is declared to be perjury, and is punishable as such. Here is express authority to swear witnesses and false swearing is punishable as perjury. Is it then no contempt of the authority of this House, (and the Committee are acting as and for the House in this investigation) for a witness to refuse to testify to material facts within his knowledge? The Committee concur unanimously in opinion that the House is clothed with ample power to order the party into custody, there remain until released by the same authority, or upon the expiration of the present Congress.

The Committee recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

That the Speaker issue his warrant to the Sergeant-at-Arms commanding him to take into custody the body of said Simonton, whenever to be found, and the same forthwith be brought before said House, at the bar thereof, to answer for a contempt of the authority of this House.

Mr. Orr, not conceiving it necessary to say anything in support of the resolution, merely moved that it be put on its passage. This being done, he should report from the Committee a bill more effectually to enforce the attendance of witnesses on the summons of either House. It was read, being, in substance, that any person wilfully refusing to give testimony or produce papers before any committee, shall be liable to indictment for misdemeanor, and on conviction shall pay a fine of not more than $1,000, nor less than $100, and be imprisoned in the Penitentiary for not more than one year, nor less than one month; and no person thus testifying shall be held to answer before any court of justice, for any facts disclosed before the Committee of either House.

After some debate, the resolution was adopted—yeas 164. Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Bennett of New York, Bennett of Mississippi, Bocock, Boyce, Burnett, Davidson, Edmundson, Elliott, Herbert, Jewell, Jones of Tenn., Kelt, Kelly, Quitman, Walker and Wright of Mississippi.

The House now proceeded to consider the bill reported by the Committee.

Mr. Ritchie, a member of the Select Committee, proposed an amendment, that nothing in the act contained shall exempt any witness from prosecution and punishment for perjury or forgery, committed by him in any matter he may produce.

Mr. Cobb, of Ga., gave notice of an amendment, the object being to put beyond doubt the power about which gentlemen differ with regard to the right of the House to imprison witnesses who refuse to testify, or produce papers before a Committee. The minority of this House do not believe that such a power exists, without the passage of a rule or law on the subject, and he intended to move that persons thus offending may be imprisoned in the jail for a period not exceeding six months.

The Speaker said the bill pending was a general one, and suggested whether legislation at the present time ought not to be confined to this particular case.

Mr. Orr replied that the Committee may not be able to proceed in their investigation, so as to report the facts to the House, unless such a bill be passed, with a view to inflict greater punishment on recusant witnesses than the Committee suppose the House has now power to inflict.

Mr. Quitman believed that the Speaker made a correct decision as to the general character of this bill. He was opposed to this rapid legislation to cover this specific case, which affects the privileges of the people of the country, as well as members of the House.

Mr. Kennett proposed that the bill be sent to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report it forthwith.

Mr. Orr replied, that if the Committee cannot compel an answer, to that extent the investigation must fail. If the bill is so referred it cannot be reported back in time for the Committee to avail themselves of its provisions.—He argued, to show the necessity and justice of its immediate passage, and said the country have the right to know who are the two members alluded to by Mr. Simonton.—He protested against gentlemen being suspected of wrong, and yet no sufficient means being afforded to ascertain the truth of these grave charges through the public press.

Mr. Stanton did not believe it essential, after the adoption of the resolution of the Committee, that this bill should be passed to-day or to-morrow. He wished the bill should be recommitted to a Select Committee, so they could return it when they thought proper, and that it be printed, that members might have an opportunity to read it.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall had no idea that the Committee on the Judiciary should be thus overslaughed, and moved that the bill be then referred.

Mr. Orr offered a resolution which was adopted, that Wm. E. Flood, Clerk of the Sergeant-at-Arms, be authorized and directed to execute the orders of this House during the absence of Mr. Glassbrunner, the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Davis, of Md., a member of the Select Committee, said the question was whether the House will remove the obstacle thrown in the way of the investigation, or permit it to come to a dead stand. Hence the importance of passing the bill.

At this point the Acting-Sergeant-at-Arms came into the hall with Mr. Simonton, the former informing the Court that, pursuant to order, he had the latter in custody.

Much interest was evinced during this proceeding.

The Speaker said that the Sergeant-at-Arms would take Mr. Simonton before the Select Committee.

Mr. Orr was willing that Mr. Simonton should appear before it, to purge himself of contempt.

Mr. Burnett denied the power of the Speaker to issue such an order.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall.—Has the Speaker decided what is to be done with the accused?

Speaker.—The Chair has ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to hold him in custody till the House shall otherwise direct.

Several gentlemen, amid confusion, endeavored to address the House, but the floor was assigned to Mr. Jones of Tennessee, who said that the Sergeant-at-Arms, having executed the Speaker's warrant, had arrested and produced Mr. Simonton before the bar of the House, and he submitted whether it was within the power and jurisdiction of the Speaker to order the Sergeant-at-Arms to take this man out and keep him in custody for an indefinite period of time.

The Speaker.—I have made no such order.

Mr. Jones.—The witness is here, and if he wishes to answer to the charge, he has the right.

The Speaker.—The House can take such order as it wishes.

Mr. Burnett moved that the prisoner be now heard, and in justification of his voting against the resolution for the arrest of Simonton, said, among other things, that there was not a tribunal in this country, where a party could be deprived of his liberty and punished without due process of law. Hence he had wished to know the cause which the Committee based their action on respecting that resolution. He desired the investigation to be thorough, and here was the place for the witness to purge himself of the contempt, because he was already guilty of it.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, offered a resolution directing the Speaker to call on the prisoner to show cause why he should not be committed for refusal to answer the questions propounded by the Committee, as stated in their report; and that he have till to-morrow morning to make his answer; and meanwhile that he remain in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Colfax agreed with Mr. Davis that the witness should have answered the questions, but he was an American citizen, and should be heard in his defence, either in person or by counsel.

Voices—"That's right."

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, did not understand Mr. Davis to prevent Mr. Simonton from being heard now, but only gives him the privilege till to-morrow evening.

Further debate ensued, when the following, offered by Mr. Orr, was adopted—yeas 136, nays 23:

Resolved, That the Speaker forthwith inform J. W. Simonton of the charge on which he is arrested, and propound to him the question, "Are you ready to show cause why further proceedings shall not be had against you for alleged contempt; and do you wish to be heard in person or by counsel, now or at what time?"

Mr. Simonton took a position in the main aisle.

Cries of "Down in front," "take your seats."

The profound silence that ensued was broken by the Speaker, who informed Mr. Simonton of the reason for his arrest.

The Clerk having the Report of the Committee, the Speaker asked Mr. Simonton the question contained in the resolution.

Mr. Simonton said that, if consistent with the views of the House, he should be glad to occupy their attention a few minutes, and then, if they deem it unnecessary to proceed further, he would like to have the opportunity to consult and employ counsel.

The Speaker informed him that it was his privilege to be heard.

Mr. Letcher understood that Mr. Simonton was here to answer questions, and not to make a speech.

Messrs. Savage, Stephens and Humphrey Marshall severally contended that Mr. Simonton's replies should be in writing, and under oath.

Mr. Grow insisted that the accused should be heard in his own way.

Mr. Simonton, the House having decided he might be heard orally, proceeded to say that he should pursue the path of duty, according to the convictions of his own conscience, to the end. One of the first and radical mistakes made, was a statement that the investigation depended on something he had written or published. He repudiated that altogether. His letter published in the Times of the 6th of January contained nothing to justify such proceedings. He denied that the House has any just power to punish for contempt. He stood there protected by the Constitution, which declares that no citizen shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. There was no evidence implicating members of the House. Certain gentlemen came to him and bound him to secrecy, he not knowing what they had to communicate to him. He had a right to receive their confidence, and had not volunteered charges against any body which should make it necessary that he should violate confidence. Having become morally convinced that corruption did exist, he felt his right, as a member of the press, to denounce it. He had stated to the Committee that he had no personal knowledge of the fact. Was it right, in having no corroboratory testimony, to press him to answer? He made further remarks in defence of his position.

The Speaker asked him whether he had anything further to say.

Mr. Simonton replied nothing, except to be heard by counsel.

Messrs. Clingman, Harris, of Illinois, and Sherman, severally offered resolutions that Mr. Simonton be taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and imprisoned.

The first named proceeded to show that Mr. Simonton had made statements to-day inconsistent with what he had said before the Committee.

Mr. Boyce proposed a resolution declaring that it was beneath the dignity of the House further to concern themselves with the matter now before them, and that Mr. Simonton be no longer privileged to occupy a reporter's desk in the House.

Mr. Orr said, if this resolution pass, he should feel himself called upon to ask to be discharged from further duty on the Committee. He offered the following:

Whereas, J. W. Simonton having appeared at the bar of the House, according to its order, and the causes assigned for said contempt being insufficient; therefore,

Resolved, That the said Simonton be continued in close custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms for the balance of the session, or until discharged by further order of the House, to be taken when he shall purge himself of contempt.

The resolution was adopted in lieu of all others by a vote of 120 against 71.

The Sergeant-at-Arms then secured his prisoner.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, offered a resolution proposing that the Clerk call the roll, and that each member answer to his name and indicate whether or not he is willing to release Mr. Simonton.

The Speaker decided that his was not a question of privilege. Adjourned.

On Jan 22nd, the pending question was on motion to reconsider the vote by which was passed the resolution directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to keep Mr. Simonton in custody, and to lay that question on the table.

Inquiry being made for Mr. Simonton, the Speaker remarked that the Sergeant-at-Arms had informed him that Mr. Simonton was in his custody, and present.

The pending question was decided in the affirmative—yeas 116, nays 77.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill reported from the Select Committee more effectually to enforce the attendance of witnesses on the summons of either House of Congress, and compel them to discover testimony.

After some debate the bill passed; yeas 163; nays Messrs. Bennett of N. Y., Billinghurst, Bliss, Burlingame, Colfax, Edwards, Hughston, Mace, Humphrey, Marshall, Quitman, Walbridge and Watson—12.

The House passed the bill to establish the office of Surveyor General in Nebraska, and for other purposes.

On Jan. 23rd, the House passed twenty-two private bills.

On Jan. 24th, Mr. Wakeman presented the petition of a large number of merchants of New York, asking for such modification of the Tariff as to allow the importation of sugar free of duty.

Mr. Wade, by request of the Chairman of the Select Committee, asked leave to offer a resolution that Mr. Chester be discharged from custody after he shall have appeared before the Select Committee, and fully answered all the proper questions which may be put to him by the said Committee. Objection was made, and Mr. Chester ordered to appear before the Committee.

The Sergeant-at-Arms having produced Mr. Chester before the bar of the House, pursuant to order, Mr. Kelsey offered a resolution that the Speaker propound the following questions to him:—What excuse have you to offer for not appearing before the Select Committee, in obedience to the summons of the 14th inst., and are you now ready to appear and answer such proper questions as may be put to you by the Committee?

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. Letcher moved that the witness be required to write out his answers and qualify to them under oath.

A spirited debate ensued, involving the expediency of the motion, after which the motion was agreed to, and the Sergeant-at-Arms retired with his prisoner.

The House then considered private bills till adjournment.

On the 26th, Mr. Joseph L. Chester having been brought to the bar of the House, by the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Speaker propounded to him the questions heretofore ordered to be put, namely: Why did he not appear before the Select Committee in pursuance of the summons of the 14th inst., and whether he was now ready to answer such proper questions as may be put to him by the Committee?

Mr. Chester's answers, under oath, were read. To the first question, he says, he never entertained or intended any disrespect to the Committee or the House; but having made arrangements, before the subpœna was issued summoning him to appear before the Committee, to return home to attend to private business, which could not be neglected without great detriment to his interests, under these circumstances he did not think it was required that he should attend on the precise day named; and had it not been for the storm he would have been here on Monday last, without the agency of the Sergeant-at-Arms, who would bear witness that he evinced no disposition, by habeas corpus, or otherwise, to avoid the summons.

To the second inquiry he says he is now ready and willing to answer.

On motion of Mr Florence, the answers being entirely satisfactory to the House, Mr Chester was discharged from custody.

☞ The latest instance of Yankee perseverance occurred in Boston. A merchant there had a pile of lumber on the dock, which was to be shipped at once. The day before shipment it snowed and covered the lumber up. A gang of laborers could not be had, and what to do he didn't know. He was accosted by a young man to know the time, when he asked him why he did not carry a watch. The young man said he could not afford it. The merchant told him he would give him his watch (worth $200) if he would dig the boards out by breakfast time. The young man attempted the task, and accomplished it, working by moonlight all night, and the next day's sun shone upon the scene of his labors, displaying a vast pile of boards, *over two hundred feet in length fifty in width, and six in height.* Having accomplished his task, he shouldered his shovel and marched home to breakfast, after which he repaired to the counting room of the astonished merchant for the prize which he had so fairly earned. The latter promptly paid the forfeit. The young man is a Bostonian, about twenty-one years of age, and unused to laborious employment.

THE KANSAS COMMITTEE.—The National Kansas Committee has been in session at New York. The Secretary reported the receipts, since the organization, at about $90,000, while the expenditures have been $81,000. Great quantities of clothing have also been received valued at $60,000.

The committee on the subject, reported that the principal Railroad Companies were willing to abate 25 per cent. on the fare for Kansas emigrants. The committee have forwarded two thousand emigrants.

THE BLACK WARRIOR.—The captain of the Black Warrior, recently arrived from Havana, reports encountering the gale on the 18th, when she lost her fore and main-masts with all the rigging attached. The gale lasted 52 hours, during which her fuel became exhausted and she drifted to the Southward.

When the gale abated an attempt was made to reach Norfolk by using the wood work of her cabins and the furniture for fuel. She arrived in Hampton Roads on the 21st, but could not reach Norfolk on account of the ice. Having procured fuel at Old Point Comfort, she proceeded thence on the 24th.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—We noticed the other evening a curiously assimilating concession, emanating from the extremity of our plead gentlebarrance, which, by a process, was brought in unpleasant proximity to a congealed mass of hydrocarbonated cuticles, cylopi, vulgarly, ice. Not having space at this time to enter into a scientific dissertation in regard to this "striking" phenomena, we shall pass it by with our usual remark, that the most beautiful clothing emporium in this city, is conducted by the genial sons of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut Street, Philada.

MR. MASON,—Dear sir, I have been troubled with Dandruff in my Hair for many years, have tried many preparations for the Hair, such as Lyon's and Hair Oils all warranted to cure Dandruff, &c. When I saw your Alpine Hair Balm advertised, I thought it must be a humbug, like many other articles, so thought no more of it, until I was advised by a friend who had used it. I must say that it has freed my hair from Dandruff, my hair is now soft and glossy.
Yours resp't, C. PORTER, Providence, R. I.
For sale by R. & G. A. WRIGHT at wholesale, and at retail by all Druggists.

BELOW ZERO.—*Below Zero!*—This certainly has an Arctic sound, and fortunately for the comfort of the good people of Philadelphia, we are not often compelled to endure such an extreme cold in this latitude. Last week, however, the mercury did get below zero, and pedestrians looked half frozen, except, indeed, those who had the good sense to be clad in such elegant and comfortable garments as can be procured at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, at Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

TO CURE A COUGH, buy a bottle of the Balsam of Wild Cherry. We have more faith in this combination of Dr. Wistar, than in any other remedy known, having witnessed its entire success in many cases of protracted cough.

THE DEAD RESTORED TO LIFE.—A few years ago it was generally supposed that gray hair could not be restored to its original color, or made to grow on bald heads; but since the advent of Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, many persons who *dyed* years ago are now seen daily in the various walks of life, appearing in all the vigor of youth, wearing their own dark flowing locks, simply from having used this great Restorative.—*Louisville Times.* jan17-eow2t

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 6th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne,
Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—he Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing Inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved to his bed, but thank God his mother was looking over one of your almanacs, and found a case of one Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of his brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He gave his consent, and we bought six bottles of it. As soon as he began taking it the pain got more easy. I think it was eighteen bottles he made use of, and then mended on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at this time, but with the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher until death. PETTER HARMON, Sr.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov29-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN MICHAELS, Jr. to Miss MARGARET J. daughter of Christian Hines, Esq. both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. MICHAEL BUCH, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY HENDERSON, of Del. county.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. P. H. Meyer, Mr. JACOB HOFFMAN, of Gwynedd Township, Montgomery county, to Miss KATE SMITH, of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., A. J. PLEASANTON, to MARY A. FAGGITT, daughter of the late John F. Faggitt, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, G. W. ULMER, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARGARET HENDERSON, of Del. county.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Thomas C. Trotter, Mr. EDWARD G. TAYLOR, to Miss ANNA LOUISA, daughter of Elijah Mitchell, Esq. both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th of Nov. last, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. P. E. SHRAIR, of Philadelphia, to Miss ANNIE DUBBAS, of Montgomery county.

In Manayunk, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM COHN, of Lower Marion, to Miss ANN HARPER, of Schuylkill Falls.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. DANIEL MCCLEARY, to Miss PHEBE MANNING.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Ayres, Mr. WILLIAM P. DE LANY, to Miss ELIZABETH GRAVIL, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. B. Dorr, D. D., Mr. O. MORRIS RICHTER, of Germany, to Miss ANN, daughter of the late T. Bartholomew, of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. John A. Roche, JOHN R. MCCLINTOCK, of Montgomery county, Pa. to MARY A. ROSENBERGER, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. William H. Elliott, Mr. GEORGE W. LAMPORT, to Miss SARAH J. MAGEE, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. ROBERT STERR, to Miss ANN RICHARD, both of this city.

On the 28th Nov. last, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. PASCHOE M. COLLINS, to Miss MARY NOYE.

On the 14th instant, by the same, Mr. J. W. SMITH, to Miss MARY R. HINKEL, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Frederick Charlton, Mr. JAMES MOFFORD, to Miss LIZZIE MASON, both of Wilmington, Del.

In Chester, on the 13th instant, by Ald. G. Johnson, Mr. SAMUEL C. LEWIS, of Springfield, Pa. to Miss CONSTANTINE H. TAYLOR, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. ROBT. MONTGOMERY, of Chestnut Hill, to Miss REBECCA J. BLAIR, of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. T. Stork, D. D., Mr. FREDERICK M. PURR, to Miss RACHEL PAUL, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. MARTIN MCNEIL, to Miss MARTHA KELLY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. GEORGE DALY, to Miss ANN LOUISA CLARK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, at the residence of her mother, Somerton, Philadelphia, ANNA, daughter of the late Benjamin Loudon.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. REBECCA HORNEBROOK, aged 66.

On the 24th instant, ADALINA, daughter of William G. and Ellen J. Murphy. Aged 4 years.

On the 24th instant, WILLIAM, son of Wm. and Emily Long, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 21st instant, WILLIAM C. SMITH, aged 46 years.

On the 20th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Capt. R. Clutch.

On the 13th instant, CATHARINE IRWIN, aged 75 years.

On the 21st instant, Miss DELPHINE FLINN, aged 20 years.

On the 21st instant, ELIZABETH CONNER, aged 8 years.

On the 19th instant, PHEBE S. wife of Josiah H. Dilkes, aged 35 years.

On the 20th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE PYNIN, aged 30 years.

On the 21st instant, Mrs. LUCY KELLY.

On the 21st instant, ARCHEY GILLMORE, son of Wm. S. and Mary A. Rorts, aged 3 years.

On the 18th instant, ABRAM HACKNEY, aged 66 years.

On the 20th instant, Mrs. MARY KING, aged 66 years.

On the 19th instant, HENRY B. WILLIAMSON, aged 47 years.

On the 20th instant, MARY F. wife of Isaac T. Jones.

On the 19th instant, KATE, daughter of Geo. and Mary Waters, aged 3 years and 8 months.

On the 18th instant, LYDIA A. FOSTER, aged 23 years.

On the 20th instant, Mrs. MARTHA, wife of Mr. David Mathews, aged 57 years.

On the 19th instant, EDWARD WILLIS, son of Jas. and Lydia Kessler, aged 3 years and 3 months.

On the 18th instant, WILLIAM J. NEELY, aged 21 years and 5 months.

On the 16th instant, FREDERICK MILEY, Sr. aged 74 years.

On the 19th instant, JOHN C. son of John E. and Teresa R. Baum, aged 3 years.

On the 14th instant, THOMAS H. WILSON, aged 22 years.

On the 18th instant, JOSEPH KELLY, aged 21 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. ELIZA INGRAHAM, aged 40 years.

On the 17th instant, JOHN GARDY, son of Edwin and Elizabeth Shock, aged 11 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH DUSENBERRY, aged 56 years.

On the 18th instant, LOUIS, son of Louis and Christian Haug, aged 5 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. MARY SMITH, aged 74 years.

On the 19th instant, MARY, daughter of Geo. and Mary Lindsay, aged 2 years.

On the 17th instant, JOHN J. GORDON, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 19th instant, ELEANOR, daughter of Jane and the late John Maguire, aged 23 years.

On the 19th instant, SUSAN UNKLE, aged 60 years.

On the 17th instant, JONAS GILBARON, aged 77 years.

On the 17th instant, ROBERT BURROWS, aged 66 years and 2 months.

On the 17th instant, LEMUEL H. EVANS, aged 28 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARGARET LARNER, aged 70.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of Oliver Ottinger, aged 32 years.

On the 16th instant, JOSEPH MARINGER, aged 41 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. WILLIAM G. SMITH, aged 48 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SARAH M. wife of Nicholas Rittenhouse, aged 70 years.

On the 19th instant, Mr. HENRY RIHL, aged 65 years.

On the 12th instant, Miss REBECCA TAYLOR, aged 32 years.

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, when allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth, have a direct influence to the affected parts; the exclusive and soothing effect to the mucous lining of the windpipe into the Bronchii allays Pulmonary Irritation, and gives relief in Coughs, Colds and the various Throat affections to which public speakers and singers are liable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to these Lozenges, Here in Boston, where the "*Bronchial Troches*" are known, they are household words, and need no testimony to recommend them; but to our readers in Canada, the West, and indeed everywhere, we cheerfully bear testimony, from personal knowledge, to their efficacy.—*Ballou's Pictorial.*

☞ Sold by Druggists generally throughout the United States. jan5-eow4t

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 20 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, January 26, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes 4 dis
Lancaster bank 2½ dis
Erie City bk 40 dis
Erie bk 40 dis

NEW JERSEY.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Morris bk Bridgton 15 dis
Wheat Sower's bk 15 dis
Newton 15 dis

DELAWARE.
Solvent bks par
Under $5's ½ dis

MARYLAND.
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent bks par to ½ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co 1 dis

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.
Exchange bk 2½ dis
Solv bks ½ dis

NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
4th Avenue bk ½ dis
Knickerbocker bk 1½ dis
Far bk Onondaga 2½ dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego 3½ dis
Far bk Buffalo 20 dis
Empire City bk 1½ dis
Central bk 1½ dis

MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell 3 dis
Ellsworth bk 5½ dis
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis
Canton bk South Orieus no sale

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis

VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
South Royalton bk 3 dis

CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis

MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis

RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk Republic Providence failed

CANADA.
Solv bks 2 dis

NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 11 dis
Small notes 30 dis

VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Bk of Kanawha 10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 15 dis

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ dis

GEORGIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
New bks 2 to 5 dis

ALABAMA.
Bk of Mobile 1 dis
Other solv bks ½ dis

MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain

LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis

OHIO.
Solvent bks ¼ dis
Bk of Circleville 5½ dis
Canal bk Cleveland ½ dis

KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis

INDIANA.

Wit and Humor.

MORAL SUASION.

You will know—if not, I can inform you thereon—that the chief city of California is somewhat infested by Chinamen.

An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman, in a firm whose business it was to sell fish-hooks, cod lines, rope's-ends, and other odds and ends. One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering around for a few seconds, exclaimed:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes!" was the answer.

"How much takee?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um! give fifty cents?"

"Get out!" said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail, and his countrymen.

The train passed and repassed the door several times, and at length re-entered. John, looking around as though he had never been there before, again inquired:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"*Yes!*"

"How much takee?"

"*One dollar a pound!*"

"Um! give seventee-five cents."

"Get out!" cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The wild-geese procession paraded past a few times and then re-entered. The spokesman, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus he spoke:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"YES!!!"

"How much takee?"

The salesman whispered to Patrick, the porter, to hand him a cleaver. This had, he grasped the astonished John Chinaman with his left hand, and raising his cleaver, with the right, exclaimed: "ONE DOLLAR A POUND!!!"

John gave one look at the cleaver, another at the face of the salesman, and yelled out: "I takee one hundred pound!"

The bargain was thereon closed. So much for moral suasion.—*Porter's Spirit.*

MODEL OF AN ENGLISH SPEECH.—In rising to reply to the noble lord, he hoped that the noble lord would do justice to the sentiments of respect which he cherished for the noble lord. He also begged that the noble lord would, in that spirit of liberality which distinguished the noble lord, understand that he was prompted by no desire to think differently from the noble lord. He believed that the noble lord and himself had always hitherto agreed on all matters which concerned the common weal; and if the noble lord would be pleased to remember, he had stood side by side in many a well-fought battle for ancient privileges with the noble lord. As to the present subject, he would inform the noble lord that if there was a diversity of opinion betwixt himself, he meant to say betwixt the noble lord and himself, and there undoubtedly *was* a diversity. (*hear, hear,*) that difference was no more than the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. (*Cheers.*) But he would assure the noble lord that if the noble lord would search the records to satisfy any doubt which might remain on the mind of the noble lord, the noble lord would find that the facts which he should present ought to have some weight on the mind of the noble lord. A few of these had already been presented by the committee for the consideration of the noble lord, and he would ask the noble lord to go with him while he should make other statements to the noble lord, if he might presume to claim, for a few moments, the attention of the noble lord!—*Knickerbocker.*

THE MARRIAGE FEE.—The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing with a farmer about the ease with which a minister earned money.

"Now," said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a less sum than three dollars, and you sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my very next marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."

"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards, the doctor was called on to splice a loving couple at Dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:

"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one of my terrier pups? The best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn. Worth full five dollars—and I s'pose a figure 2 would do for the splice, eh?"

The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was too good; he hastened to the farmer, saying:—

"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall we divide it?"

The farmer relished the joke so well, that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

AN ACCOMMODATING SPIRIT.—In a certain New England parish, a difficulty arose about the location of the new meeting house, and the church was rent with the division. The pastor at length preached a melting sermon on the subject of union and the congregation were dissolved in tears. The next morning Deacon Jones went over early to see his opponent, Deacon Shaw, to make an earnest effort for peace, and the following ensued:

Deacon J.—"Deacon Shaw, I hav'nt slept a wink all night—and I've come over to see if we can't have peace on this subject of the meeting house; we must settle the difficulty."

Deacon S.—"Well, I am very happy to hear you talk so, for to tell the truth, I always thought you were a little set in your way."

Deacon J.—"Not at all—and as a proof that I am not, I've come this morning on purpose to see you. Now, Deacon Shaw, we must settle this unhappy difficulty, and there is but one way to do it—you must give up, for I can't."

THE PARDONING POWER.—A comic paper perpetrates the following upon the Ex-Governor of New York, who pardoned 14 notorious convicts just before his term of office expired:—Gov. Clark was being shaved the other day, when the barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little too hard. "*Pardon* me," said he very naturally. "Put your hand in my coat pocket and pull a blank one out," said the kind-hearted Governor. "I'll fill it up for you when you're done."

☞ UNAVAILING.—"What say you to taking the veil?" said a Catholic to his young wife.

"I am content," she replied, "provided you get me a new bonnet with it."

A LAUGHING CLERGYMAN.—Once upon a time there was a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. T., a man of high character, and distinguished for his dignity of manner. But it was remarked that frequently, when ascending the pulpit stairs, he would smile, and sometimes almost titter, as if beset by an uncontrollable desire to laugh. This excited remark, and at last scandal; finally, it was thought necessary for some of his clerical friends, at a meeting of the association, to bring up the matter for consideration.

The case was stated, the Rev. Dr. T. being present. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "the fact charged against me is true, but I beg you to permit me to offer an explanation. A few months after I was licensed to preach, I was in a country town, and on a Sabbath morning was about to enter upon the services of the church. Back of the pulpit was a window, which looked upon a field of clover, then in full bloom, for it was summer. As I rose to commence the reading of the Scriptures, I cast a glance into the field, and there I saw a man performing the most extraordinary evolutions—jumping, whirling, slapping in all directions, and with a ferocious agony of exertion. At first I thought he was mad, but suddenly the truth burst upon me—*a bumble-bee had crept into his pantaloons!* I am constitutionally nervous, gentlemen, and the shock of this scene upon my risible sensibilities, was so great that I could hardly get through the services. Several times I was upon the point of bursting into a laugh. Even to this day the remembrance of this scene—through the temptation of the devil—often comes upon me as I am ascending the pulpit. This, I admit, is a weakness, but I trust it will rather excite your sympathy and your prayers than your reproaches."—*Goodrich's Recollections.*

A FIRST-RATE PUFF.—A large dry goods establishment was recently burned down in this city, when one of the large fire-safe manufacturers of New York, who knew they had one of their articles in the building, wrote on, and requested the proprietors of the ruined store, to state how their safe had withstood the conflagration. The answer was as follows: "Gentlemen, your safes are wonderful. Nothing can surpass them for protecting books and papers, though they have some unfortunate opposite effects. One of our clerks, on Saturday, bought a Shanghae rooster, and at night, unknown to us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night, our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat for thirty-six hours, at the end of which time it was hoisted out red hot. As soon as possible, it was opened, when, you may judge of our surprise, when we found within it the Shanghae rooster leaning against the ledger, *frozen to death!*"—*Spirit of the Times.*

STORMING HEAVEN.—We once heard of a man who lived in old Hampton, who was celebrated in that region for the loud tone in which he gave utterance to his prayers. He could be heard in calm weather the distance of two miles, and he usually, as he became more fervent in spirit, waxed louder in tone, till his voice was heard at a very great distance as he poured forth his frequent supplications. He lived about a mile and a half from Boar's Head, and with a head wind which would drive the waves furiously upon the beach, the voice of the suppliant could be heard rising above the roar of the tempest and the sound of the dashing breakers. A stranger at the beach one day, hearing the sound for a long time, as it evidently came from a distance, asked with considerable curiosity what noise that was.

A local wag near by, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, replied—"Oh, that's one of our pious brethren *praying in secret.*"—*Boston Gazette.*

ANCIENT JEWISH NOTIONS ON MARRIAGE AND ITS DUTIES.—Marriages were supposed to be arranged in heaven; and forty days before the birth of a child, it was there announced to whom he or she was to be wedded. The marriage relation should be entered between eighteen and twenty; but these ties do not prevent the zealous student from prosecuting his studies. The policy of second marriages was considered doubtful, as nothing could make up for the loss of a wife. (Isaiah liv. 6.) An unmarried person was without any *good*, (Gen. ii. 18,) without *joy*, (Deut. xiv. 26,) without *blessing*, (Ezek. xliv. 30,) without *protection*, (Jer. xxxi. 23,) without *peace*, (Job v. 24,) and could not properly be called a man. (Gen. v. 2.) In the choice of a wife, regard should be paid to her family, as daughters generally imitated their fathers, and sons their maternal uncles. The most prized connection was that with the family of a sage, or at least with that of a ruler of a synagogue, or the president of a poors' board. Connection with the unlettered could not be allowed, unless the wealth so acquired were to be devoted to assist the sage in his studies; in general, the unlearned were "dead even while living." (Isaiah xxv. 14.)

Mutual affection and modesty, especially on the part of the wife, was regarded as the chief means of obtaining male descendants. It was observed that God formed woman neither out of the head, lest she should become proud, nor out of the eye, lest she should lust, nor out of the ear, lest she should be curious, nor out of the mouth, lest she should be talkative, nor out of the heart, lest she should be jealous, nor out of the hand, lest she should be covetous, nor out of the foot, lest she should gad about, but out of the rib, which was always covered. Improper marriages—from lust for beauty or for money—were strongly condemned, and described as leading to wretchedness, inasmuch as whether good or bad, woman is always so in the superlative degree. The husband is bound not only to honor and love, but to treat his wife with courtesy; her tears call down Divine vengeance. In general, he is to spend less than his means warrant for food, up to his means for his own clothing, and beyond that limit for that of his wife and children. As woman is formed from a rib, and man from the ground, man seeks a wife, and *vice versa*; he only seeks what he has lost. This also explains why man is more easily reconciled than woman—he is made of soft earth, and she of hard bone. A woman should abstain from all appearance of evil, immodesty, or impropriety; she should always meet her husband cheerfully, cleanly, and kindly, receive his friends with politeness and affability, and be obedient, and respectful.—*Edersheim's History of the Jewish Nation.*

☞ A Yankee Down East has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supercede gas. He covers the interior of a flour barrel with shoemaker's wax—holds it open to the sun, then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut and sold in "lots to suit purchasers."

☞ A stingy husband threw off the blame o the lawlessness of his children in company, by saying his wife always "gives them their own way." "Poor things!" was the prompt response, "it's all I have to give them!"

"SOMETHING TOO MUCH OF THIS."

POETIC GENIUS (who has been boring a friend with his last effusion).—Thy mantle, Peace, descend on earth!

Friend (who can stand it no longer).—Well, see here, if the mantle-piece is going to descend, you had better stand out of the way!

Agricultural.

PRESERVING FORESTS.

Farmers have different opinions about cutting off the produce of forests from land designed for the sole use of producing wood and timber. The practice of cutting off all the growth, little and great, has been the popular custom in this vicinity for many years past; it is true that where the design is to continue a growth from the sprouts of the stumps from which the wood has been recently taken, that cutting clean might be the better way, but when we are to depend upon seed to furnish us with saplings for the next growth, I for one should dissent from cutting all young and thrifty trees. I have been in the practice of cutting off wood for nearly forty years, for the market, as one of the most profitable productions of my farm, and have paid critical attention to the succeeding growth; the original growth on my farm was principally the different varieties of oak and pitch pine. At the time of removing the old growth, young white pines had sprung up, and advanced in all sizes from one foot up to some twenty in height, on some of my lots; on other lots there was no appearance of a young progeny. We were very careful to save all the young trees possible, instead of indiscriminate havoc. The advantage of saving the saplings will be readily discerned by every practical wood-grower; the young trees carefully preserved from injury, while cutting off the old growth, will soon take a start, and be in advance of the forest which is to spring from the seed some five, ten, fifteen or twenty years; this advance in the growth is no small item in the farmer's income. On lots where none of these young saplings had taken root, I have been careful to select suitable seed trees, of the varieties I wished to propagate, and spared one or more on every acre I wished to replenish with a future growth. In this way I have been saved the labor of sowing seed or transplanting trees, and have found about the third or fourth year from the cutting off, a plentiful supply of young trees showing themselves, but greatly in the rear of those lots where the young saplings were saved.

Every person who can discern the signs of the times, can foresee the importance of encouraging the growth of wood upon every scrap of land which is not wanted for cultivation. With all the effort, care and economy which farmers are capable of putting into exercise, they need be under no doubtful apprehensions of producing an over-supply of wood. There is a natural propensity in forest lands to exhaust themselves of the chemical principles which produce any one variety of forest trees; when that is the case, numerous saplings or some other variety will show themselves, previously to removing the former growth, which is a sure indication that it is necessary for a rotation to succeed, and that the old variety does not find in the earth the necessary constituent ingredients to produce another crop of the same variety.

Where land has a long time been covered with the different varieties of trees that shed their leaves in the fall, a plenty of evergreens will spring up for another crop which require different constituent ingredients. While the properties in the earth which favor the production of hard wood are being exhausted, the properties which are required for the formation of the softer woods lay dormant in the earth, increasing yearly, and making ready to supply a substitute for the former growth by a forest of evergreens.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

CHEAP PAINT FOR FENCES AND BUILDINGS.

The many inquiries we receive on this subject induce us to give the results of any experiments we make or which come under our observation. Having had occasion recently to erect and paint a board fence about three hundred feet long, the following mode was adopted. The fence was made of six horizontal boards, besides the cap, nailed to red cedar posts, and to avoid expense, the boards (of nearly clear stuff pine) were left *unplaned*. The expense of planing both sides by a machine driven with steam, would have been about five dollars.

The paint applied was made like common oil paint, ground water-lime being used for the pigment, not on account of any virtue it may possess from its properties as a cement, but because of its *cheapness*, costing about half-a-cent a pound. It may possibly, however, be buch better than some other paints, as a fence coated once with it in mixture with oil three years ago, appears as perfect as the day it was applied. In order to give it a warmer tint, to correspond with the buildings adjacent, a small portion of *Brandon Red* was added. A single coat of this paint was then given to the fence, the rough boards retaining enough to be equal to three ordinary coats on planed boards. About nine gallons of oil were thus consumed, costing about eleven dollars. The pigment was valued at fifty cents; and about four days were occupied in mixing and applying it, at six dollars cost, the whole surface on both sides and the posts being painted. The total cost was nearly eighteen dollars.

The expense of this application, as compared with using white lead paint, applied in two coats on a planed surface, is as follows: Two coats of white lead paint are estimated to cost fifteen cents per square yard. There were on both sides of this fence and on the edges of the boards, over 172 square yards, which, at 15 cents each, would amount to about $26. Consequently eight dollars was saved in painting, and five more, at least, in planing, if done in the cheapest manner, making thirteen dollars additional, which would make white lead nearly double the expense of the mode adopted.

A barn, thirty by forty feet, and with an average height of sides equal to eighteen feet, would present an entire surface of 276 square yards, to paint which, in the manner we have described, on new unplaned pine siding, would cost a little less than thirty dollars. A coat of whitewash may be applied for a less expense than five dollars. Two coats of white lead would cost $41, besides the expense of planing.

There is no excuse for any farmer in not giving at least one coat of lime-wash occasionally to his out-buildings, if he cannot afford anything better.

A limited trial of the *Brandon paints*, manufactured at Brandon, Vermont, by the Brandon Iron and Car-Wheel Company, gives a very favorable opinion of them. Experienced painters who have used these paints for us, pronounced the *Brandon Red* superior in character to Venetian Red, and Brandon Yellow as decidedly better than Yellow Ochre; while at the same time they are furnished at only two cents per pound.

We have tried many experiments, and seen others try them, with those cheaper paints known as *washes*, of which a mixture of lime and water forms the basis. They are many times cheaper than oil paints, but still they are *washes*—and more or less liable to be washed off, or to scale off. Whitewash of lime is, however, always valuable in its various modifications; and applied every two or three years to rough fence and out-buildings, serves a most valuable purpose in preserving the wood from decay and from moss, being worth many times their cost. But *oil paint* alone will endure, unchanged and unaffected, all the changes of moisture and exposure.—*Country Gentleman.*

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF FRUIT TREES.

Those who have newly transplanted orchards and fruit gardens, should remember that winter affords opportunities for rendering them important assistance in growth. Where the soil is not rich enough at the time the trees are set out, it may be made so afterwards. The best time is to apply manure *to the surface* in the fall; and after undergoing a thorough washing into the soil by the fall, winter, and spring rains, it is to be spaded or ploughed in before the heat of summer. If there is any reason to apprehend injury from mice, the manure used for this purpose should be either well-rotted or free from straw or coarse fibres, which might afford a harbor for these depredators. If no application has been made in autumn, it is still not too late, as the late winter and spring rains will do essential service. We have found it advantageous to add to the manure about one-tenth to one-twentieth of wood ashes. The spent ashes from the common domestic leach is still quite strong and valuable for this purpose.

Washing the bark of young trees, which is infested with moss, scales, or eggs of insects, with a solution of sal soda of the shops gives the bark a fine, clean, healthy appearance.—Any mild day of winter is a good time for the work.

All fruit raisers will remember for a long time the heavy losses experienced last winter from mice. The sharp frost of the past months, together with the small amount of snow in most localities, has served to check them; and we hope not to hear from them soon. Banking up around the stems, as we have heretofore described, has always proved a most efficient remedy in all ordinary instances; but if this has not been attended to before the freezing up of the ground, it will be an important precaution to tread the snow about the trees a few inches on each side, whenever there is a fresh fall of snow or fresh drifts.

Owners of young orchards, who wish to avoid thick, badly-shaped, or distorted tops to their trees, should remember the old rule, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." A crooked shoot now, will make a crooked bough when the tree becomes large; small cross shoots will be large cross branches; an uneven head at the start, will make a lop-sided fully grown tree. By forming the head when young, everything may be done with a single cut of the knife, that in future years would require hard labor with the saw, and leave large wounds besides. Mild days of winter afford good opportunities for pruning and shaping young trees.—*Country Gentleman.*

ROOSTING LADDERS.—The best roost in a poultry house is the ladder shaped. Make a ladder three feet wide and of a convenient length, to slope at an angle of 45 degrees, (that is, the foot of the ladder resting as far from the wall, if the ladder rests against a wall or partition, as the top is above the floor.) The rounds should be two feet apart, that the fowls above may not foul those beneath. Octagonal roosts are better than round ones.

BLEEDING SWINE.—The best place to do this is from an artery just above the knee, on the inside of the fore leg. It may be drawn more copiously from the roof of the mouth. The flow of blood may usually be stopped by applying cold water with a sponge or cloth.—*Allen.*

Useful Receipts.

HORSE DISTEMPER.—I send you a receipt for this disease which I have received great benefit from:—Six tablespoonfuls soot, 1 tablespoonful black pepper, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 tablespoonful salt, 3 eggs, and Indian meal enough to make a stiff batter. Mix all well together, and make it into four balls; give one morning and evening till gone. The four balls will generally effect a cure. Should it not do so entirely, repeat the dose. I have never known a failure.—*Cor. N. E. Far.*

CURE FOR FOOT EVIL.—Fill the diseased part with fine salt—then pour on a small quantity of spirits of turpentine. From one to three applications will usually effect a cure.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Smear a piece of flannel with common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleaned quite briskly, and wash off with pure, cold water. Grease spots will in this way be almost instantly removed, as well as other filth, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

TO CLEANSE GUN BARRELS.—Spirits of turpentine and a sponge are very good when you can obtain the articles mentioned, and spare the time; but when a person shoots twenty-five pounds of shot in a day, two ounces at a load, there is little time for washing guns effectually. My first experience led me to try wet oakum, or paper wadding, on the shot; but, subsequently, I found it more convenient, and quite as effectual, to pour a cup of water in the barrel, after loading it, shake it, turn the water out, and keep the muzzle of the gun depressed, until another shot is obtained.—*Cor. Porter's Spirit.*

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Mix up a quantity of very strong soap ley with quick-lime, to the consistency of milk, and lay it on the marble you wish to clean, where it may remain twenty-four or thirty hours; afterwards wash off, with soap and water, and it will appear as if new.

TO TELL GOOD EGGS.—If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water; if the butts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

TO CRYSTALIZE BASKETS.—Take a small basket about the size of your hand, of iron wire or split willow: take some lamp cotton, untwist it, and wind it round every portion of the basket, then mix alum in the proportion of one pound to a quart of water, and boil till the alum is dissolved. Pour the solution into a deep pan, and in the liquor suspend the basket, without allowing any part to touch the pan, or to be exposed above the surface, Let the whole remain properly at rest for 24 hours, when, if you take out the basket, the alum will be found prettily crystalized over all parts of the cottoned frame. After this first experiment it will be easy to extend the crystalizing process to larger objects, and to adorn flowers with alum crystals of various colors.—*Cor. Boston Cultivator.*

THE SCARLET FEVER.—The following remedy for the scarlet fever is recommended by Dr. Lindsley, of Washington, as the treatment which has been resorted to with great success by Dr. Scheeman, physician to the King of Hanover. We give it, rather for the benefit of our medical men than for others, for in a matter of such importance, and involving consequences so serious, too much care cannot be exercised:

From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed morning and evening over the whole body with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is everywhere applied. In order to make this rubbing in somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of this piece slits are to be made in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all, even the most painful symptoms of the disease are allayed; quiet sleep, good humor, and the appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room.

"MARRIED."

As one at noontide, on a stubbly lea,
Greets the faint fragrance borne from distant flowers,
A memory of my boyhood's brightest hours
To-day is floating from the past to me.

She sang my favorite songs: she read the books
I loved to read; she answered the caress
Which told her more than words could well express,
With the mute eloquence of tender looks.

I cannot call her false; we breathed no vow,
Nor words of love were on her lips or mine;
Yet neither thought another's hand should twine
The wreath of orange blossoms round her brow.

Ah, well! less lonely was the weary way
I trod along the desert, while a band
Of dreams and hopes from youth's enchanted land
Were with me; but the dearest dies to day.

—*Home Journal.* B. B. FOSTER.

THE USES OF THE RUSSIAN STOVE.—On the long body of the stove, the Russian peasant dozes in summer, and sleeps without disguise in winter. When his miserable life is over they lay him out—that is, they pull his legs, and try to uncrisp his fingers, and tie his jaw up with a stocking, and put a copeck on each eyelid, and press a painted image to his senseless lip, and place an iron trencher, with bread and salt in it, on his breast, and don't wash him—on the stove; if there happen to be a scarcity of tables in the mansion. On the top of the stove, the mother makes her elder children hold down her younger children to be beaten—it is almost as convenient for that purpose as the bench in the yard of a police-gaol; on the top of the stove, Ivan Ivanovitch and Dmitri Djorjevitch lean on their elbows with beakers of quass, and saucers full of salted cucumbers between them, disputing over knavish bargains, making abstruse calculations upon their inky-nailed fingers with much quickness, taking the name of their Lord in vain to prove the verity of assertions to which Barabbas is one party and Judas the other; and ultimately interchanging dirty rags of rouble notes, with grins and shrugs, and spittings, and crossings.

On the flat roof of the stove, finally, the Russian peasant is supposed to pass the only happy period of his life: that of his dozing slumbers. And it is positively—I have heard it from all sorts of differently actuated informants, hundreds of times—a standard and deeply-rooted impression or superstition with the moujik, call it which you will, that while he is in dreamland, he really walks and talks, and eats and drinks, and loves, and is free, and enjoys himself; and that his waking life—the life in which he is kicked, and pinched, and flogged, and not paid—is only an ugly nightmare, which God in his mercy will dispel some day.—*F. Sala.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 17, 2, 15, 13, 9, is a noted town in Kentucky.
My 20, 2, 15, 7, 24, 25, is a noted town in Ohio.
My 4, 24, 13, 15, 27, 23, is a county in Michigan.
My 1, 6, 3, 35, 5, 34, is a county in Indiana.
My 26, 2, 18, 15, 24, is an important town in Illinois.
My 32, 33, 13, 5, 9, 9, 14, is a town in Wisconsin.
My 37, 21, 14, 39, is a county in Missouri.
My 8, 14, 29, 37, 5, 26, 32, is the most northern county in Virginia.
My 9, 35, 17, 14, 36, 21, is a noted town in Minnesota.
My 20, 18, 9, 11, 27, 12, 19, 22, 9, is a county in Iowa.
My 17, 5, 21, 32, is a county in Texas.
My 28, 29, 12, 24, 19, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 26, 33, 34, 35, is a county in Rhode Island.
My 20, 30, 19, 20, 10, 18, is a town in New York.
My 30, 15, 33, 25, 23, 37, 13, is a city in New Jersey.
My 21, 31, 34, 39, is a famous town in Massachusetts.
My 17, 8, 12, 21, 14, 20, 22, 3, 17, 8, 12, 2, is a wealthy and important county in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a flourishing and prosperous Institution of Learning. G. N. L.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 12, 11, 15, 7, 8, is an American poetess.
My 10, 2, 4, 4, 5, 6, 10, is an American poetess.
My 9, 8, 13, 18, 18, 2, 3, 18, is an American poetess.
My 4, 16, 17, 11, 18, is an American poetess.
My 7, 5, 1, 13, 9, is an American poetess.
My 18, 13, 14, 6, 11, 18, is an American poetess.
My 15, 7, 12, is an American poetess.
My whole is an American poetess. CINROS.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 2, 8, is a biped.
My 2, 4, 6, is a part of the human body.
My 3, 7, 9, amuses a child.
My 4, 2, 6, is an animal.
My 5, 7, 8, is a celebrated tragedy.
My 8, 2, 4, signifies to blemish.
My 7, 2, 4, is useful in a boat.
My 8, 2, 9, is a negative.
My 9, 2, 6, is a foreign vegetable.
My whole is one of the United States. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 8, 3, 4, 1, 10, 11, is a city of Texas.
My 6, 19, 13, 21, is a county in Kentucky.
My 20, 16, 18, 5, is a state of South America.
My 17, 9, 14, 3, 11, 12, is a county of Virginia.
My 7, 19, 15, 8, 17, 19, is a city of Spain.
My 2, 5, 15, 15, is a city in England.

My whole is an enterprise which, when carried out, will be of immense importance to the inhabitants of both Europe and America. EXCELSIOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In clover fields and meadows green,
The parents of my *first*—unseen,
Its childhood kindly nursed;
Cut off from them one sunny day—
Prostrate upon the ground it lay—
Till it became my *first*.

The fisherman in rain or shine,
Ensnares the fish with net and line,
To sell to those who'll buy;
Some have my *second*, some have not,
All share alike the common lot,—
To live—to eat—to die!

By the laws in various climes,
Folks are hung for various crimes—
The aged and the youth;
Although my *whole* ne'er spoke with tongue,
Its fate is always to be hung,
To make it tell the truth.

GAHMEW.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is a river of Russia,
My *second's* a town in Nipbon;
My *third* is a river of Prussia,
My *fourth's* a town in Ceylon.
My *fifth* a town in Hindoostan,
A tropic it's just below;
My sixth a town in Yucatan,
A seaport is you know.
The initials of these from bottom to top,
Will form the name of a Scottish Loch.

CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Omit my 1, 4, 6, and I am what we all do.
Omit my 2, 6, and I am a word of command.
Omit my 3, 4, 5, 6, and I am a personal pronoun.
Omit my 4, 6, and I am caused by fire.
Omit my 2, 4, 5, 6, and I am an interjection.

My whole is a great blessing, and is desired by all.
Warren, Vt. HARP.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, and C put at interest sums of money amounting $3,485. A's rate of interest was 1-12 greater than B's, as C's was 4-5 of A's and B's together—their yearly interest was the same. What was each one's principal?

Mo. QUINTILLION.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ship's mast, which was 51 feet long, was broken off during a gale, and upon measurement it was found that of the piece broken off was equal to ¾ of the piece standing. Required the length of piece broken off, and the length of piece standing? J. A. S.
Newport, Ky.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NED.

☞ Why is a man not asleep like the evening before Irish funerals? Ans.—Because he is awake.

☞ What rod was most feared by Hebrew children of old? Ans.—He-rod.

☞ What kind of *case* is disliked by all? Ans.—Dis-ease.

☞ What kind of fare is best to live upon? Ans.—Wel-fare.

New York.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Ten ten Pots.
2. Best in prayer,
3. Real fun,
4. Comical trade,

Dorset, Ill.

5. To love rain,
6. Sly ware,
7. In Magic tale,
8. Choice Pet.

LEYDEN.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ORIENTAL ENIGMA—Lolla Rookh, by Thomas Moore. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Open rebuke is better than secret love." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Old Ironsides, America's Champion on the Sea. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Pipe Creek Lake. CHARADE—Pump-kin. CHARADE—Bob-o-link-in. RIDDLE—Wheat. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—10 hours. PROBLEM—114 acres 12 perches.

UNCLE TOBY AT A DISCOUNT.—A lady, whose kindness to animals amounts almost to a mania was one day sadly annoyed by a blue-bottle fly Calling her maid, she bade her catch the fly, and without hurting it, put it out of the window Seeing the girl hesitate to raise the sash, she inquired the cause.

"Why, madam, it rains so very hard," swered the mischievous creature.

"True," replied the mistress, "put the po thing in the other room."

☞ THE BREWERY OF THE SKY.—A count cousin remarking to a metropolitan friend th a storm was brewing, the cockney said that supposed the storm would be an 'ail-storm.